

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 12, 1969

35 CENTS

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

'MY LIFE
IN A BUSH LEAGUE'



13

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back after 53 years*

*Early last October we opened a
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*First time in 53 years anyone
had tasted this original Sour
Mash recipe. (Prohibition came
to Coffee County, Tennessee 53
years ago. And Mr. Dickel
wouldn't have his drinkin'
whisky made anywhere else.)*

*Now it's back. And
nothin's changed. Same
secret recipe. Same freestone
water and
hard sugar
maple char-
coal granules
for drivin'
out the
wild-fire
and
mellowin'*



*This
"Stubborn George"
Powder Horn
souvenir package,
all handwork,
is part of a
very special
limited bottling.
It will grace
any sideboard, in or
out of Tennessee.*

it up.

*George Dickel
always was
the lighter,
smoother
Tennessee
Drinkin'
Whisky.*

Still is.



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Credits on page 155

Next week

THE BASEBALL ISSUE contains detailed scouting reports on all 20 major league teams, plus a fascinating preview by William Leggett of the things in store for baseball this season. Eight pages of color photographs salute the world champion St. Louis Cardinals' victory in the 1964 World Series, and St. Louis Owner Gmuc Busch talks about baseball and his team. Also, coverage of the Masters tournament at Augusta with color photographs, all the rest of the news and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's regular features.

It's fun taking into town when your other car is being used by someone else in the family.

Maybe it should be a Vespa.

Verpa



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BOOKTALK

Jim Murray moves gracefully from a newspaper column into hard covers

Whether he is reporting that the biggest eater he ever knew was no gargantuan athlete but that toothsome singer, Rosemary Clooney, or writing about what he calls the "off-Broadway sports" of pool, surfing and coyote-calling or such staples as football and baseball, Jim Murray is, to many of us, the most consistently entertaining newspaper sports columnist in service. He turns on any sport an eye for fun, an ear for the delicious quote and a nose for such magnificent news tidbits as the fact that Early Wynn used to pour catnip on his flagjacks.

All this information, and much more besides, has been collected in a book, *The Best of Jim Murray* (Doubleday, \$4.50). The Best of Jim Murray turns out to be just about the best there is. Formerly a member of our staff and now syndicated by *The Los Angeles Times*, Murray brings to his writing a conviction that such work is at least as hard as hitting a curve ball. Because of this, he makes his work look easy, which is what Joe DiMaggio used to do.

He is a man of strict caprice, holding, for instance, that Los Angeles is the only American city fit to live in and that all others are outposts. He writes on this topic, perhaps too frequently, with the purpose of infuriating the more loyal residents of Cincinnati, Miami and San Francisco. But, despite such propaganda, his daily column is considered an asset by newspapers of some 30 cities. And well they might so think. His "I never, Cadillac" column—a letter to a baseball rookie from his wife—is worthy of Ring Lardner. Murray is opposed to boxing and the Indianapolis 500 (prejudices we do not share) because they are too often lethal. He presents his arguments against them so cogently as anyone ever has offered them. Cautiously, too. "How many deaths and comas are over the legal limit?" he demanded after the sad death of Davey Moore. And to Murray the 500 is "not so much a sporting event as a death watch." "They should start the race with Taps," says Murray.

He knows that many a football game turns out dull, and that many a hero of the diamond is a clod whose true personality is masked by writers who feel obligated to write interestingly about him. Murray writes interestingly about the dull games and the clods, to be sure, but never by concealment of the facts. He just puts mustard on them.

"There's a story in every man," writes Murray in his foreword. "The challenge is to find it. Then the problem is to tell it without putting the customers asleep."

Well, this book is no cure for insomnia. It should never be placed on a bedside table.

MURIN KANE



Styled by Kurt Boehm & Associates

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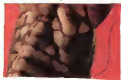
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your jewels, your coat,



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your travel, your neighbors,



your labors.



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INSURANCE • FIDELITY • SURETY BONDS

If you want to know what other boats will look like in 1970,



look at this 1965 Chris-Craft.

The boat they'll all be copying is the new Roamer 37' Riviera in steel or aluminum. Forward stateroom, electric galley, luxury throughout. Sleeps six. Twin V8's or diesels. From \$24,600.

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She'll never have to change tires with Goodyear LifeGuard Safety Spare. Stranded. Helpless. Alone. You'd help her if you were there—but you're not. Every woman should drive on Goodyear Double Eagle tires equipped with LifeGuard Safety Spares. The LifeGuard is an optional extra-safety feature that makes the Double Eagle two tires in one.



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A special report

from Bradford Smith, Jr.,
President, Insurance Company of North America



How an unusual group of men are adding a new dimension to business enterprise

We've noticed a rare phenomenon in the United States during the past year. Our children—so often criticized by adults—are teaching us a lesson in civilized behavior.

They're asking probing questions. About American life. About worthwhile personal goals. About the business community and its role. They are searching for an opportunity to do something constructive . . . to give their careers a meaningful role in a complex and confusing world.

The remarkable success of the Peace Corps is a living monument to the sensible idealism of today's youth. It teaches a profound lesson in human relationships.

Young people, in particular, may be interested in a program of friendship here at Insurance Company of North America.

CARE Starting April 1—as the result of a special program worked out with our 20,000 independent agents and brokers, from southern California to northern Canada—a CARE package is being shipped out to Europe, South America, Africa or Asia for every INA "package" policy sold in the United States and Canada. Courtesy of the independent businessman who sold the package.

CARE His profit? The satisfying realization that another human being will have a dream fulfilled.

That undernourished children in a remote Colombian village, for example, will soon receive 1296 glasses of milk because of his interest.

CARE Our Friendship Program will continue through June.

CARE It is an unusual—and inspiring—example, we think, of the expanding horizons of this unusual group of men. We are proud to join with them in this unique People-to-People Program.

BRADFORD SMITH, JR.



INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
World Headquarters: Philadelphia

For every sports fan. Spalding presents the live sounds of the most dramatic moments in sports history.

Only \$1.00 at sporting goods dealers.



Listens to the most dramatic moments in sports history.

Joe Louis snarling for revenge demolishes a former conqueror in one round. Babe Ruth makes his farewell speech at Yankee Stadium. The 1963 NFL Championship game. Adolf Hitler opens the 1936 Olympics, and Jesse Owens is celebrated after winning—much to Hitler's chagrin—four gold medals. Bobby Thomson walls up the pennant-winning home run in the 1951 play-off. And many more—the most dramatic moments in golf, tennis, track and horse racing. The most dramatic moments in all sports history.

This is one record that will never be forgotten in a closet—because it permanently captures those catch-in-the-throat seconds of sports history. So you'll play it again and again—for your friends, your neighbors and just for yourself.

With this record, Spalding brings back to life the remarkable moments when the great athletes held the once-in-a-lifetime combination of muscle, timing and luck that breaks the barriers they thought would never be broken.

And Spalding is proud to bring them back. Proud to have been part of this

sports heritage from the beginning. It's a fact that Spalding's own improvements and dedication to excellence in athletic equipment have played an important part in all our greatest American games since they started. Spalding—the most respected name in athletic equipment.

Don't forget to look for this incredible record album. It's only \$1.00 at your Spalding sporting goods dealer's.

SPALDING
SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Finally—shoes catch up with your 1965 wardrobe



If you have a blazer in your closet—or a red sport shirt—you're part of an important new movement in America.

In the 1920's, if you owned a plaid shirt, you were either a lumberjack or a square. But today you probably have a closetful of sport coats and slacks and a drawerful of colorful sport shirts.

Today we're in the midst of a great fashion movement among American males. But up to now, no one has really shown you a selection of shoes that fit the movement.

Now Roblee brings you a new breed of shoes designed for America's new breed of relaxers. A group of dressy casuals called "Mustangs".

Roblee Mustangs are designed for the man of any age who wants to be comfortable, and rather natty while he's about it.

They're soft and lightweight, and informal in design. And like all Roblee Shoes, Mustangs have a husky quality that tells you they'll wear and wear.

Ask your Roblee dealer to show you the new Mustangs. You'll see what a lot of men will be wearing for the pursuit of happiness this year.

On opposite page: upper left: *Nassau* in brass wax. Also black shrunken grain and brushed tan. Upper right: *Miami* in black shrunken grain. Lower left: *Sun Valley* in dusty buck. Also brass-wax glove leather. Lower right: *Pebble Beach* in white leather. Also soft black grain. About \$16 a pair. Higher Denver west.

[Write us for the name of your nearest Roblee dealer. Roblee Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.]

LEATHER REFERS TO UPPERS



QUALITY AT YOUR FEET

MUSTANGS BY ROBLEE®

NEW BREED OF SPORT CASUALS FOR AMERICA'S NEW BREED OF RELAXERS



*don't!
don't!
don't!
don't!
don't!*



Don't sip it?

Please don't. Sipping is for *wine*. It's the best way to appreciate the delicate taste of a fine vintage.

But not beer. Especially not Budweiser. Budweiser is a hearty drink brewed with lots of character, and the best way to enjoy it is to *drink* it. (Not chug-a-lug, either . . . just good healthy beer-drinker's swallows.)

Try this. Take a clean glass . . . say a twelve or fourteen-ounce size. Rinse it out with cold water. Open a can or bottle of the King of Beers and pour it right down the center so that you get a good head of foam.

Now . . . take a *big* drink. No sips.

Good? You bet. This is how beer *should* taste. Budweiser gives you a taste, smoothness and drinkability you'll find in no other beer at any price. Our exclusive Beechwood Ageing with natural carbonation has a lot to do with it. This is the slow, finicky way to brew beer. Expensive, too . . . but the results are worth it.

So please, after we go to all this trouble, pour your Budweiser with a flourish. *Drink* it with a flourish.

And maybe a pretzel.

it's worth it . . . it's Budweiser®

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

Find the man in the guinea pig suit.



Wrong!

It's the guy on the far left. The one reading the September 12, 1962 edition of the Wall Street Journal. That's when it all started... in '62. That's when we designed this marvelous nylon zipper—the Talon Zephyr—put it in thousands of pairs of experimental trousers and sent them out across the nation for a few years of rigorous testing. Well, they worked. That is, Zephyr did all the things we designed it to do, which adds up to a lot more than just going up and down. Zephyr lies flat and neat. Never rumples trouser fronts. Doesn't gleam

like metal zippers. And, thanks to the ingenious device called Memory-Lock, Zephyr stays securely closed at the top of your trousers... even if you forget to press down the pull tab. So, today manufacturers are beginning to put Talon Zephyr into all kinds of suits and slacks. And the man in the guinea pig suit has taken his place among the unnumbered ranks of those who have given of themselves to further the cause of mankind... well, of zippers.



Start your own Chivas Regal Christmas Club.

Some people seem not to care about money. They drink Chivas all the time, as if it didn't cost \$2 more than other Scotches.

If you can't share this devil-may-care attitude and your annual bottle of the best looms as a major item in your budget, here's a thought:

Drop an occasional dime in your last season's empty to gather the extra cash for next season's wassailing.

Only 20 more dimes for 12-year-old, smooth, lovable Chivas?

That's all.

Just think: for a dime a day you could be a sport and drink Chivas all year round.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO. N.Y.



(Forget the nickels;
they don't fit the bottle.)



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FOUR-SEASON
CAR CLIMATE CONTROL

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HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, LOCKPORT, N.Y.

SCORECARD

OTHER TIMES, OTHER CUSTOMS

The Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race, an event founded in 1829 by a nephew of William Wordsworth, used to generate in England the same excitement as a manned space missile does today. On Boat Race Night there were riotous revels in Piccadilly Circus, followed by a court parade on Monday morning before a magistrate who, if his favorite had won, was not without a twinkle in his eye. Along the Thames the race moved like a majestic pageant between crammed banks. But in recent years the glamour and excitement have declined. This year, only the presence of four Americans in Oxford's victorious crew brought a flagging occasion back to temporary life.

It will survive for a time, say British sporting pundits, but will remain archaic. The common scapegoat is television, but others hold that the Oxford-Cambridge race has had a detrimental effect on British rowing, with its emphasis on a single "private" event over a distance (4 miles 374 yards) that bears no relation to an international course. England invented the sport but won only a silver medal at the Tokyo Olympics and merely a fifth place at Rome.

Even in chic circles it is more important today to know the relative positions of Leeds and Chelsea in soccer than to know anything about the boat race. In the old days girls would swoon over pictures of the crew members. Today they have the Beatles. It pays these days, wrote Judy Innes in the London *Daily Mail*, "to be a puny weakling."

THE FURIOUS FOX

Omolagato is Italian for homologated, which is (God help us) officialise for "approved for international auto races." Last week Italy's Enzo Ferrari was informed that his Grand Touring cars could not be *omologato*, because there is a discrepancy between the cars and the rules specifications. Enzo was *irato*. He announced that he was withdrawing all his Grand Touring racers but not prototypes from the year's remaining endurance events.

Incomparably the most important among all the world's road races is the 24 Hours of Le Mans in June. Ferrari's withdrawal means that the American upstarts who bent his GT cars at Daytona and Sebring will be deprived of the chance to do the same at Le Mans. It would seem that Enzo is being angry like a wolf.

FROM PERTH TO POOL

A lot of people have swimming pools in the backyard. That's so-so status. Real status is a heated indoor pool. What might be the utter pinnacle of status is a pool downstairs in the den, with a horse in it. The management of Yonkers Raceway hopes someone will think so. Yonkers is stabling a big, black Australian horse from Perth for the International Pace on April 15. Pacing Lawn, it seems, is accustomed to taking daily dips in the surf at Perth, and Yonkers has obligingly advertised for the use of a heated indoor pool in Westchester County. One fellow said he would be glad to help out but, he added, the camels might get in the way.

REVOLT ON THE TEIFI

In most of Britain cheap salmon fishing is as unattainable for the ordinary mortal as a night out with Claudia Cardinale. Until now the last redoubt has been in southern Wales. In Cardiganshire, on the River Teifi, the 190 members of the Llandyssul Angling Association have been able to take fish of 12 pounds or more for the price of a mere 9-guinea annual fee.

But now the farmers from whom the Llandyssul boys lease the river are learning that they can make much more money from rich businessmen engaged in the seduction of customers. Arrie Jones, the association secretary, says the villains are big Welsh steel firms, which began the price escalation by paying "ridiculous" sums for fishing rights and squeezing men like himself out of the market. The situation is considered to be sufficient argument for nationalizing the steel industry forthwith.

Because Wales is a country where patriotism runs a deep, poetic course and the land, water and air are considered every man's privilege and worth fighting for, Cardiganshire is ready to revolt. There is dark talk of throwing old bedsteads into the best pools to spoil the fishing and constant recollection that when the Wye at Rhayader passed into private hands a century ago there were riots. Bailiffs had to be imported from Germany and policemen from Birmingham. Almost every salmon in the river was massacred at night and the fish strung on wires across the town streets and dumped at the doors of magistrates.

Whoever is pushing up the price of fishing in Cardiganshire may yet find that they have bought more than they bargained for.

INSPIRATION

Since graduating from Wooster College, Roy Bates has coached basketball and baseball at Northwestern High School near Canton, Ohio. His combined record: 419 wins, 81 losses. Sometimes, though, victory has cost him dear.

Each morning last week, for instance, he put on walking shoes when he got up and walked the four and a half miles from his home to school. At night he walked back. Bates had bet his basket-



ball team early last winter that it would not even get to the Ohio high school Class A championships at Ohio State University, let alone win the top trophy. But the boys did, walloping Springboro 55-45 in the final.

It was an old ploy for the coach. He promised his 1958 basketball team that if it won he would hitchhike home the 120 miles from Columbus. They did and he did.

continued

Who's boss...you or your feet?



(PORTRAIT BY OELRICH)

THE EXECUTIVE

*Style 369 —
a true brogue with a look of
heft, now made remarkably light
and flexible — black or brown*

If your feet have been complaining about long hours and tiresome working conditions — take steps! The Four Exclusive Features of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes put a comfortable stop to all such complaints. You're the Boss — from nine to five and as late as you like.



For the same Wright
Arch Preserver com-
fort, 36-hole variety,
ask your Pro about
PRO SHOP EXCLUSIVES
Golf Shoes

wright
arch preserver® shoes

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SCORECARD

GOLF IS A DESPERATE GAME

For the duffer who habitually pushes his tee shot, the fifth hole at Eastwood Golf Club in Charlotte, N.C., is misery. Hickory trees fringe the right edge of the fairway and guard the green against any shot except one that goes perilously between the tree trunks. For a long time there has been facetious talk of going out on a dark night and chopping down those blasted trees.

The other night some one did it. Four trees were chopped down, leaving a gap for an easy wedge shot to the green. Surveying the damage, Club Manager Jack Horton cheerily declared that all was not lost. He has a magnolia tree at home, and he is going to transplant it to the gap left by the chopper.

FAD FOR THE MAD

Party rands and goldfish swallowing are Out. So are elephant racing and pucking telephone booths. Running in the Boston Marathon on April 19 is In.

The marathon always has attracted a smattering of entries from colleges in the Boston area but interest this year is all but nationwide. Entry applications have been received from 23 colleges, including Iona, Providence, Wesleyan, St. Francis of Philadelphia, North Carolina, and a clutch of Ohio schools—Miami of Ohio, Ohio University, Ohio State and Bowling Green.

The collegians will be stacked up against some of the world's best, among them the three-time winner of the event, Eino Oksanen, a hawk-winged Helsinki detective, Ontario's Gordon Dickson, and Belgium's Aurele Vandendriessche, who was winner of the past two races.

There are collegians who would rather chase comely coeds than run 26 miles 385 yards for the bowl of beef stew that is served finishers in the Boston Athletic Association clubhouse. They just don't know what fun you can have with a pair of sore feet.

FLAT DOME

Paul Richards, general manager of the Houston Astros, says the new Astrodome "will be a perfect place to play as well as to watch baseball." Everything is constant: the light, the windless air and, best of all, the flattest infield in all baseball. Unfortunately, the flattest infield in all baseball has run afoul of major league rule 1.04, which reads: "The

continued



"My insurance with Northwestern Mutual Life helps me and my family spend wisely!"

WILL M. STOREY, 33, Certified Public Accountant, is controller for the Paper Group of Boise Cascade Corporation. He lives in Boise, Idaho.

"Just as other parents, we want to give our children the best. But, we try to be realistic about it. We believe in first things first. And, in my book, our life insurance with Northwestern Mutual is high on the list.

"For this life insurance, we put away a specific amount regularly. It's almost like a savings account. Or, call it an investment in the future. What dollars are left over give us an exact accounting of the cash available for the rest of our family needs. This way, we find we spend wisely, because we don't overspend.

"Like other men in accounting, I favor an analytical approach. Careful investigation convinced me that the value received from my Northwestern Mutual

life insurance policies is exceptional.

"There's still another reason why I chose Northwestern Mutual. The agent impressed me. He was knowledgeable about my business as well as my personal insurance needs. And believe me, all that was a big help in setting up an effective program for me."

There is a difference . . . and the difference grows

Northwestern Mutual is a "specialist" life insurance company. By concentrating our efforts, we can furnish maximum protection for the least money.

The selection of risks, return on investments and cost of doing business make this possible. NML policyowners

receive consistently high dividends through better mortality records. NML investments earn an average net interest rate that is among the best for all major life firms. And the portion of NML premiums used for operating expense is about half the average of the 14 other largest life insurance companies.

In short, Northwestern Mutual represents an unsurpassed combination of protection and investment. Your nearest NML agent is in the phone book.

**NORTHWESTERN
MUTUAL LIFE**
MILWAUKEE



Mom and kids get a kick out of camping. Sharon and Kip with mother like in Rocky Mountain foothills.

PHOTO BY STEPHEN WELTON



**WATCH
WHAT
BLACK WATCH
DOES
FOR A
MAN
!**



BLACK WATCH
The Man's Fragrance
shave lotion #2, cologne #3 **plus tax**
By **PRINCE MATCHABELLI**

95577

THEY'RE NEW!
Black Watch Instant Foam Shave
Black Watch Pro-Electric Shave Conditioner

SCORECARD *continued*

infield shall be graded so that the baselines and the home plate are level, with a gradual slope from the baselines up to the pitcher's plate. . . . In a recent meeting in Tampa, a St. Louis Cardinal representative said, more or less kiddingly, "The first time we lose a game in the dome stadium we will appeal the loss."

Now Richards and other Houston officials do not know what to do. "My father, the president, believes that rule 1.04 will be waived," says the Astros' director of publicity, Bill Giles. Could be. Bill's father is Warren Giles, president of the National League.

NOTHING TO BEEP ABOUT

The trend toward mechanized hunting and fishing continues. There is now a well-intended device called the Pool Alarm Electronic Lifeguard, developed by Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation. It is a portable sonar microphone that you suspend in the swimming pool underwater, and it thereupon sounds an alarm—a persistent "beep-beep-beep"—anytime something falls into the pool, like children, dogs, cats, even candy wrappers or cigarette butts or neighbors sneaking over for a midnight swim.

It sounds great. But, predictably, a lazy duck hunter got hold of one and tried it near a duck blind on a shooting-preserve pond in New Jersey. Setting out decoys, he settled down inside his blind and opened up the morning paper. Soon a drake mallard dropped into his decoy stool and set off the alarm. When it beeped the duck took off in panic; the hunter's Labrador retriever cowered in a corner of the blind, and by the time the hunter got unwrapped from his newspaper and had grabbed his gun the duck was well away. Firing only a shell and not a homing missile, the hunter missed him completely.

WOMEN ATQUE OMEN

A boat should be given a name befitting her rank and station, as well as the size of her transoms. A 10-foot catboat should no more be named *Ile de France* than should a \$750,000 12 meter be named *Catnip*. Since the 12 meter has the privilege of racing for the ultimate trophy in yachting, the America's Cup, it should bear a noble name. By tradition the names of cup yachts have been symbols of strength (*Reliance*, *Ranger*), or duty (*Defender*, *Vigilant*). Names with a seafaring connotation have been successful.

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You need not be a professional driver to qualify



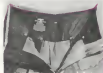


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ful (*Constellation*, *Weatherly*, *Columbus*), while names implying authority have met with disaster (*Sovereign*, *Sceptre*). A recent trend has been to name cup contenders after women, and their fortunes have been predictably capricious. Australia has two competitors for the 1987 challenge, and the Melbourne 12, while still on the drawing board, has already been named. Out of respect for Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies' gracious wife, the boat will be called *Dame Pattie*. A nice gesture, but it could lead to diplomatic embarrassment. One can imagine the news reports: "Dame Pattie is up on the ways to have her bottom scrubbed." However, the Sydney contender is still unnamed, and one hopes that Sir Frank Packer, the syndicate head, will select something more appropriate. *Challenger* would be too modest and *Victoria* too presumptuous. Ideally, the name should represent a constant absolute that can also be applied scientifically to reduce the odds—perhaps *Equinox*, to give the boat an even chance.

WHAT A WAY TO GO

When E. B. Chapman of Sherman, Texas wants to get away from it all in the future he will take a private railroad car—his own—and go nowhere. Chapman has just bought one of the Missouri Pacific Railroad's most lavish private cars and established it on the shore of Lake Texoma as a weekend cabin. Such cars would cost as much as \$250,000 to build today, but Chapman says he paid no more than \$10,000 for his.

The 135,000-pound car has three baths, a dining room with table for eight, thick carpets and solid mahogany paneling. It sleeps nine and has two-way radio equipment as well as telephones and a speedometer that firmly registers zero.

THEY SAID IT

• John Baker, Pittsburgh Steelers' defensive end, on his off-season employment as assistant supervisor of recreation for the North Carolina Department of Prisons: "There are some fine athletes in these institutions, but no recruiting is allowed."

• Maury Wills, Los Angeles Dodgers base stealer, on a possible pay hike after he was named team captain: "It would go to the Government anyway. It's like the year I stole 104 bases. I got \$4 and Uncle Sam got 50."

END



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SVENGALI RETURNS!

Cus D'Amato's critics are not happy as he surges back to the top with José Torres, the new light heavyweight champ. Planning more surprises, Cus scorns the doubters who "penalize me for their ignorance" by **ROBERT H. BOYLE**

It was almost as though Cusey Stengel had won the pennant with the Mets. Here was Cus D'Amato, Floyd Patterson's ex-manager, long since written off as an outdated Svengali, suddenly and squarely back in the boxing spotlight, thanks to José Torres' win over Willie Pastrano for the light heavyweight championship in Madison Square Garden last week. In the eyes of D'Amato's critics—and he has them, particularly in the press—the "archconner" had returned. Nobody feels neutral about D'Amato. He is either loved or loathed. "I don't seem to have in-between people," is the way he puts it.

A couple of years ago D'Amato slid into obscurity when Patterson dropped him as manager. D'Amato was left alone with Torres, who, so the critics alleged, was either kept under wraps or confined to fighting bums. But with Torres' victory, it was plainly evident that Cus D'Amato, whether master planner or master schemer, had once again become a force in boxing. A couple of days after the fight, between calls and visitors to his Manhattan apartment, D'Amato talked for several hours about his critics, his continuing war with Madison Square

Garden, Floyd Patterson, the heavyweight division in general, the peekaboo style of fighting and his role as adviser to Torres. His mood was one of vindication, his outlook optimistic.

D'Amato's return to boxing prominence started, ironically enough, with his decision to quit as Torres' manager. A couple of months ago Torres came to D'Amato with the news that he could get the fight with Pastrano, but only if D'Amato were not managing him. That condition was set by Madison Square Garden's boxing office, which is run by Harry Markson, an old International Boxing Club man, and Teddy Brenner, a matchmaker who knows his way around boxing's back alleys.

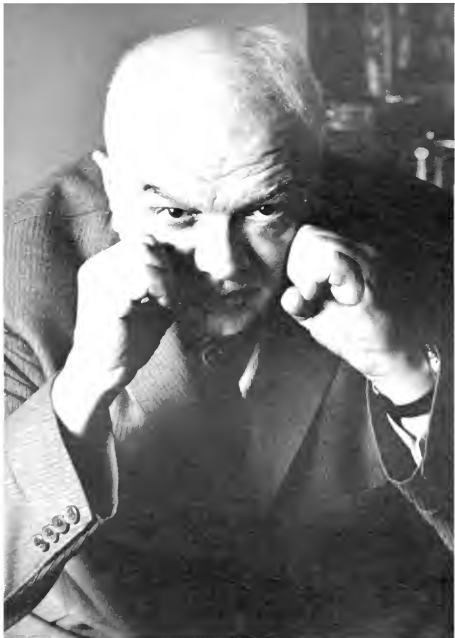
"Torres," said D'Amato, "told me he wouldn't take the fight. I said, 'Joe, I appreciate your loyalty, but if you walk away from Madison Square Garden because of this, we'll both have nothing. If you accept this match with Pastrano, no matter what conditions the Garden imposes you'll at least have the title.' He said, 'You really want me to fight without you?' I said yes. Then he said, 'One condition. You prepare me for the fight, and then I know I can't lose.' So

I trained him. I didn't sell Torres to anyone. I released him from his contract. I gave him his unconditional release. I get no money from this fight. I am a friend of his, and I am sure that he will ask me for advice before he does anything. He has a lot of respect for my judgment, experience and knowledge, particularly regarding matches and how much he should get for them. Up to now he's been taking all the risks and guaranteeing the promoter."

As Patterson did in the past, Torres fought Pastrano out of the D'Amato-devised peekaboo style, a style that has been criticized often as not offering the protection D'Amato claims it does. Furthermore, D'Amato's detractors say, it is almost impossible for a fighter, curled up with the peekaboo—gloves held close to the cheeks, arms pulled in tight against the torso—to launch an effective attack. To which D'Amato answers, "I always make military comparisons. In World War II there were tanks, and when the tanks moved on to the enemy position, the infantry followed behind them. When the tanks got up to the trenches, the infantry stepped out from behind and fired in. The infantry could get right

(continued)

Crouching low, fists held high, D'Amato demonstrates the peekaboo style which he claims protects a fighter as he moves in aggressively.



in there and open up, and so can a boxer.

"Basically that's the so-called peekaboo, though I don't use that term myself. I call it a tight defense. It enables you to move in aggressively without leaving any vulnerable openings. The main thing is to learn how to punch out of that defense position. Torres showed it could be done and punch like hell, too. There is only one punch to look for, the uppercut, and if that's your only worry you're in good shape. You reduce your vulnerability by 95%. I talk about this in military terms, but I developed it when TV came into boxing. The fans wouldn't know what smart boxing was. They wouldn't appreciate it. So I developed a surprise that would appeal to them."

If D'Amato's loyalty to the peekaboo is unflagging, his enmity for the Garden and those connected with its boxing promotions is, logically or not, almost unbounded. "Markson was with the old crowd," he says. "Brenner is detrimental to boxing. They might remain there in spite of me, but not because I support them. I only fail if I give up, but I never give up. As far as I am concerned, the fight is not over until I win. I may not win the battles, which I look upon as only temporary advantages to my opponent, but I'll win the war! And the war will go on till I win out. Till Teddy Brenner and those characters go."

D'Amato went to the Garden to see Patterson fight Chuvako, and he deemed

Floyd's performance "successful but technically poor." Patterson, he said, "used to use the peekaboo, but he has deteriorated because I wasn't there to keep after him. If he had someone watching over him, he would correct his faults. He has said that I tried to dominate him, and that is not so, I never dominated him. I never tried to force him to do something he believed he couldn't do. I would show him the facts, and the facts would convince him. If anyone dominates him, it's someone else, but it's not me."

A year ago D'Amato tried to speak to Patterson at his training camp, but he had no luck. "I tried to see him every day. He didn't answer the door, but he was in there. I'd bang and bang on the door and call. Nothing would happen. Sometimes I'd wait half an hour, an hour. Then I'd go away. That happened almost every day for a month. We'd been through so much together. I had to see him. We had an agreement that I never was to believe anything he supposedly said until he told it to my face. He has never told me to my face that I am not his manager. I have no idea why he won't see me."

Late last summer, assuming that he was still Patterson's manager, although he had not worked with him for two years, D'Amato reluctantly began legal action for money he says is due from the two Liston-Patterson fights. He needs the money because he is broke. Most of what he had went, he says, into his war against Jim Norris' International Boxing Club. "In order to fight people like the IBC, I had to maintain an information agency, an espionage system," he said. "Otherwise how are you going to stay ahead of these people?"

As of now lack of money keeps D'Amato from actively managing any fighters. D'Amato claims that he has never received a complete accounting for the first Liston-Patterson fight. "From what I have been shown, the purse amounted to only a little over \$300,000," he said. "I was paid off on that. But we had a minimum guarantee of \$1.2 million. The fight was a red-hot match, and I have reason to believe that the total amount of money, live gate and ancillary rights, came to very substantially more than the \$1.2 million guarantee. So I asked for an accounting from Mr. [Julius] November's office [November is Patterson's lawyer]. When I failed



New Champion Jose Torres celebrates victory with D'Amato, friend, adviser and master planner.

to get an accounting that satisfied me, I took the case to a lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams. I couldn't understand the accounting, maybe he can. I figure that from the two Liston fights, I am owed \$250,000."

According to one story making the rounds, Patterson has never cared for Torres since José knocked him down in sparring, and this may explain at least in part the coolness between Patterson and D'Amato. "I brought Torres out to California when Patterson was training for the Roy Harris fight," D'Amato said. "It happened that Patterson was a little bit off balance and Torres hit him a hard right, and he went down. The press chose to make this a big issue, and I didn't see fit to explain it. Why? Because not many thought Harris had a chance, and maybe this would help, and, besides, I owed a responsibility to Torres, too. So I didn't say anything. A professional fighter like Floyd is supposed to have professional detachment. But the press kept writing this up, and Patterson was sensitive to these things."

"I have been given a lot of credit for Patterson and others," D'Amato went on, "but the truth is I've done a better job with fighters people never heard about. When you get a Patterson or a Torres, you get credit, but they have tremendous potential. To me, the ultimate goal is to develop a fighter's potential to all degrees, physical, psychological and emotional, so he will eventually be independent. I don't keep a fellow tied to me. If every newspaperman, every commission, thinks my fighter should fight some fighter of a better class, that doesn't impress me. I alone have the responsibility for the development of the fighters, and I am responsible for their success or failure. These so-called experts are ignorant. They think a fighter should fight a certain fighter, and if my fighter loses, who gets blamed? The critics? No. Me."

"I will not push my man into a position unless I feel his development is capable of coping with the situation I will ask him to face. I didn't let Torres fight at times, and the reason I didn't is secret. To reveal the reasons is to make the fighter susceptible. Just because people don't understand why I do not do certain things, they assume that when I succeed it happens as a result of conning. That's because they don't know anything about boxing. They want to

penalize me for their ignorance. I could avoid all this criticism by sitting down and educating the critics, and after I got through, they would agree with me. But I let the results speak for themselves."

"I am the only man in this business who has made flat and uncompromising statements about fighters I've been associated with. When Patterson won the Olympics, I said that Floyd would be rookie of the year in boxing and that he would become a heavyweight champion, and he was still a middleweight! My predictions were based on knowledge and analyses of Patterson and his potential. I was derided. When Patterson was knocked out by Johansson I saw what happened and why, and I knew what had to be done. So I went into the ring and made a flat statement that Floyd Patterson would be the first heavyweight champion to win back the title. The critics said that if Dempsey couldn't do it, how could Patterson? But then look what happened. My record, damn it, is certainly worth some respect."

"With Torres, everything was done cold, cool and calculating. I analyzed Pastrano's assets and the ways to penetrate them. I said before the fight that Torres will outjab Pastrano, outbox him, outsmart him and knock him out. The only newspaperman to mention this was your Bud Shrake."

"I have an open mind all the time. I listen to everything, but I don't necessarily accept everything. I will change my mind, but only if someone brings a fact to my attention which I have not already considered. Now people are saying that Torres was fighting burns, which wasn't true at all. He fought the fighters he was ready for."

D'Amato sees the heavyweight situation as sort of a round robin. "If I had Liston," he said, "he could beat Clay. Liston is confused by mobility. I would show him how to neutralize Clay's mobility. That may make me sound condescending, but I'm not. Between Floyd and Liston the same things as happened before will happen again unless Floyd employs the proper tactics. If he does, he can beat Liston, but he has faults. He hasn't corrected them. A professional fighter has gotta adjust himself to the situation. He has gotta dominate it. Floyd was told to do what Clay later did exactly."

"With Clay, Floyd would have a better chance by far. Floyd retains certain

assets. I'd give him an excellent chance of knocking Clay out. There is a particular weapon that Floyd uses and uses well. Clay has developed certain patterns, and once you can read a guy's patterns, you can have him for breakfast, dinner and supper. The trouble is I haven't been around Patterson in a couple of years, but I would say that of the three the man with the most talent, at his best, is Floyd Patterson."

"Torres has the speed and power to hurt a heavyweight. Personally, I was a little surprised when he said he would fight Floyd. But I feel that Patterson will not consider such a match until he sees the outcome of the Clay-Liston fight. He has all to lose and nothing to gain fighting Torres. A Patterson-Torres fight is one I would rather not comment on. I do think that Torres is a fighter to hurt a heavyweight. He would make an opponent to any heavyweight around now. In sparring, he used to complain that heavyweights were too slow for him. . . . I have some tremendous surprises planned, but I can't say what they are because they wouldn't be surprises if I did. These surprises may very well make headlines."

For the nonce, while he prepares his surprises, D'Amato plans to spend his spare time fishing—last week was especially joyous, not only because of Torres' win but also because the trout season opened—showing oldtime fight films in an effort to build up present-day boxing ("The critics in the press are calling the present-day fighters burns, but by showing the films I show the oldtimers are burns"), and collecting information on ring fatalities ("My findings would amaze people—most fatalities do not occur because of what happened in the ring").

But no matter what D'Amato is doing, be it fishing, watching movies, reading obituaries or cooking up surprises, he will be in evidence in boxing. "There is no man in the whole world who knows as much about the heavyweight boxing picture or the whole boxing picture as I do," he said. "I don't say I'm smarter than other people, but I had the opportunity available to me in the last 10 years, and I was almost alone. It's like a doctor given the chance to study under a great surgeon way ahead of everybody else. That's not bragging. That's simple fact."

TURN PAGE FOR STORY OF TORRES' FIGHT



LIVER TROUBLE AND HIGH LIVING

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Inglorious as it may sound, the punch that made Jose Torres the new light heavy-weight champion of the world was a left hook to the liver. Not to the kidney, as was most often reported, and certainly not to the solar plexus, but to the liver—the largest and one of the most tender organs of the body. When the punch landed, in the sixth round of the second light of last week's championship doubleheader in Madison Square Garden, there was a loud sharp *spat!* Willie Pastrano slid a bit to his left, slowly, his mouth open, and then began to fall, amazed, as if half way through a dance step he had found his legs would no longer work. Pastrano went down for the first time in his career and knelt holding a strand of the maroon velvet rope, his eyes rolling up in pain (*opposite*) as Torres walked away. On Pastrano's right side, where the short ribs come down just above the belt to protect the liver, was a red blotch the size of a fist. A blow to the stomach or to either kidney is debilitating, but a blow to the liver or the spleen is agony. Pastrano bravely managed to get up at the nine count and finish the round. But the fight was over then, 10 minutes before Referee Johnny LaBianco signaled the end, and both fighters seemed to know it.

Shortly before Torres delivered the devastating left hook, Cus D'Amato, his adviser without portfolio, yelled from ringside, "No. 5!" Torres nodded. During the weeks at his training camp Torres had practiced punching to precise points of the head and body on something D'Amato calls his "apparatus." The apparatus is a dummy with vulnerable portions of the nervous system numbered on it. No. 1, for example, is the left jaw, No. 8 is the solar plexus, No. 6 the left kidney. No. 5 is the liver.

On the apparatus Torres developed his speed, power, coordination and stamina and increased his combinations so that he could throw five punches in two-fifths of a second, but in the fight he

did not move a great deal against the shifting, bouncing, jabbing Pastrano. Torres placed his gloves on either side of his mouth in the exaggerated peekahoo D'Amato had taught him and came in straight, rather flat-footed, taking the punches that went between the gloves and reddened his nose. A man many had said did not have the heart for fighting, Torres kept coming in, cutting off the ring from the retreating Pastrano and then rattling the former champ with punches in sequence. Torres knew he could hurt Pastrano when he caught him, and he knew Pastrano could not punch effectively if he did not have time to get set. He kept up his attack so well that on my card Pastrano did not win a round.

A left hook to the liver may lack the drama and purity of a slash to the jaw, but there was nothing awkward or untoward about the way Torres delivered his left. In that sixth-round combination Torres also drove in a short right to the head and a left hook to the temple that brought up Pastrano's hands long enough for the left to get through. And the Madison Square Garden galleries—where ex-Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson, disguised in a phony beard, slouch hat and glasses, had among Torres' Puerto Rican fans—exploded. The joy of seeing their man fight for the championship brought in thousands of New York's Puerto Ricans and helped to swell the Garden crowd to 18,112 and a record gate of \$239,956. When Pastrano fell it was as if every Puerto Rican present felt that he, personally, had done it. "I was going to hit him again," Torres said, "but I saw he was going down and I thought 'What's the use?'"

The crowd had fretted and fidgeted through the first fight of the championship doubleheader. Welterweight Champ Emile Griffith was briefly stunned by a right hook to the jaw in the first round but recovered to win easily over Cuban challenger Jose Stabile in a 15-round decision. In the sixth Griffith showed a

(continued on page 48)

Down for the first time in his life, shocked and weakened Pastrano clings desperately to ring rope

A LONG TRIP IN A SHORT RACE

After being idled since early February by leg trouble, Bold Lad came all the way back to the role of Kentucky Derby favorite in a fast sprint against older horses while his rivals were running into trouble **by WHITNEY TOWER**

For weeks now the only racing fans who haven't felt cheated have been those who are as proficient at diagnosing medical and weather reports as they are at interpreting post-performance charts. Kentucky Derby eligibles based in New York, Florida and Maryland were beset by so many troubles that the question was not who would win the various

Derby preps but who would be healthy enough just to walk to the starting gate. Some were running on snow, with unhappy results. Others ran away from snow-covered tracks to—they hoped—a warmer climate in Kentucky. Some were suffering from hucked shins, while still others were showing signs of the tailing off that results when 3-year-olds point to

the mile-and-a-quarter classic in May by running in everything but the Boston Marathon.

Into this general picture of gloom and despair was projected one sparkling performance last week. Shortly before Native Charger, who had already won the Flamingo at Hialeah, wrapped up the Florida 3-year-old championship with



Lengthening his victory margin with ease, Bold Lad leads the 5-year-old Pack Trip to the finish line in a six-furlong allowance race at Aqueduct.

a close victory over Hail to All in Gulfstream's Florida Derby, the spotlight was turned on an ordinary six-furlong, \$8,500 allowance race at Aqueduct. Only it wasn't ordinary at all. It marked Bold Lad's return to competition for the first time since the Wheatley Stable's 1964 2-year-old champion won the Champagne Stakes by seven lengths last Oct. 17.

Bold Lad (SI, Feb. 22) had certainly had his share of troubles enroute to last week's first start of the season. Five weeks after popping a splint on his right foreleg on Feb. 2, he popped a second one, on his left foreleg. "This was closer to the knee and could have been more serious," said Trainer Bill Winfrey, "but we didn't have time to fire the splint and still make the Derby. So we took a chance by treating it with a liquid called Splintol. Splintol may not hold and the splint may come back on him, but we had no choice."

New York racegoers expected to see Bold Lad make his debut in the one-mile Gotham, but Winfrey had other ideas. "I want to run my horse, sure, but it will do him more good running three-quarters than going a mile the first time out and giving weight to seasoned horses. Bold Lad went six weeks between breezes, but he did a lot of galloping, and each work showed that the fitness he had developed by Feb. 1 hadn't been entirely lost."

How right Bill Winfrey was. Running against four older and able horses, Bold Lad looked better than ever. After laying off the pace set by Pack Trip and Exclusive Nashua, Jockey Brulio Rieza took Bold Lad around the leaders on the far turn, moved steadily to the front without raising his neck and drew away from the eighth pole to the wire to win by three easy lengths. His time for the six furlongs was a good 1:10 3/5, and he worked on out to cover seven furlongs in 1:23 2/5.

"The colt was well in hand the whole way," Winfrey observed later. "In this race he spoke for himself, and I couldn't have asked for anything more. I feel better all the time. I'm not going to get the champagne out quite yet—but maybe we can start putting it on ice."

Bold Lad's first appearance under silks in five and a half months reestablished

a continuation of our page 8,2



Shy of the stirring gate, gray Native Charger is nondescript before the Florida Derby.



Then, breaking from the gate, he stumbles badly and had to come from last to win by a neck.

I'M PUNCHY FROM BASKETBALL, BABY, AND TIRED OF BEING A VILLAIN

by WILT CHAMBERLAIN with BOB OTTUM

Speaking out for the first time, the man who demolished basketball's record book says he is fed up with the sport that made him rich and, considering new fields, adds a word of warning for Sonny Lilton

Oh, man, this is going to be better than psychiatry. In the first place, I am much too big to get comfortable on that crazy couch. In the second place, I am all fired up about speaking for myself this one time and have it come out the way I said it. I have a sort of special, savage reason for all this: there are a lot of people out there who will be surprised that I can write, because they are usually astounded that I can even talk. I know this is true, because I get the old routine all the time. I stopped getting angry about it years and years ago, but it still drives all my friends crazy. Whenever we're standing around together—man, I mean anyplace—crowds of people come up and just stare at us. Then someone will nudge one of my pals slyly and say, "Hey, who's that big guy?" or, "So that's old Wilt the Stilt, huh? How tall is he, really?" they say. And then, "Will you ask him can I have his autograph for my kid?" And then my friends sort of sidle away from me—they want to stand clear to show everybody I'm not on a leash or anything like that—and they say, "Come on, Wilt can talk, you know. He's a real human, man. How come you don't ask him yourself?" Then, once they get over that hurdle, people are always a little disappointed I don't say, "duuuuhhhhh." And that, in part, is what this story is all about. This is life inside a giant, baby.

I know that how I feel is not too important. All right. What is important is

what has happened to make me feel the way I do and all of the psychological hammering and tugging and pulling that got me into this frame of mind. This is more than life inside a giant. This is the story of my life inside professional basketball—the greatest game ever played, a game that suffers from being bush when it doesn't want to be bush, a game that may always be bush unless some basic changes are made. And when we get to the end of this chapter, the part where they say, "Tune in next week," or the end of the story, where they say, "Can this poor monster from Philadelphia really find happiness?" you'll know just how it feels to be Goliath. How it feels to be seven feet and one-sixteenth inches tall with no place to hide. After all, you remember in the Old Testament that David had all the best of it, right? Nobody even thought to say or even ask how Goliath must have felt just sort of standing around there. Goliath didn't get any of the good lines, you know?

The timing of my story is important for three reasons.

Reason No. 1: I'm at the top of this game and I'm thinking of retiring. I will be perfectly honest and say I'm thinking of not retiring, too. But I have now racked up all the alltime scoring and playing records—all the ones that count—and what else is there? Final standings at the end of this season: Chamberlain leads the scoring, with 2,534 points, for the sixth year in a row. Cham-

berlain shoots 2,083 and hits 1,063 for a .510 average, or 34.7 points a game. And that's in 73 games; I didn't play them all. See what I mean? Man, I have fulfilled everything I wanted in pro basketball except winning the NBA title. And I can't do that all by myself, right?

Money has nothing to do with the way I feel. I have been investing my money under smart counseling for years. And even though my accountant, Alan Levitt, calls me every single day from Philadelphia and says something like "Run for the hills, baby, we're broke," it is still not critical.

I also have a sore stomach. Because of my size it is more sore stomach than you ever heard of. My doctor, Stanley Lorber, is considered the best internist in Philadelphia, and he can't find out what's wrong with it. But he gets a real kick out of examining me, and he uses me as a subject for lecturing his students. I think pretty soon I am going to start charging him. Ike Richman, part owner of the Philadelphia 76ers, feels so bad about my stomachache that he got real desperate last week and said, "I know. Let's go to a hypnotist." Man, a hypnotist—who, me? I thought I'd put Ike off, so I said, "Man, how much will you pay me to go and get hypnotized? A hundred dollars an hour?" And Ike said

continued

PENSIVELY STRUMMING guitar in New York apartment, Wilt ponders outside offers.



he'd do it. Anything to get me feeling back in shape. That's the kind of guy he is. But no matter what we do it keeps getting worse instead of better, and my health is going to figure big in my future. This is my summer of decision.

Reason No. 2: I'm thinking of doing a lot of things other than playing basketball. I am thinking of living my own life, for one thing.

I could take life easier and manage my apartment house properties and my nightclub in Harlem and the six corporations I'm tied up in—and be a business executive in a size-18 collar, button-down oxford-cloth shirt and the biggest hot-damn gray flannel suit you ever saw in your whole life. I have all kinds of other offers, including a role in a civil-rights movie based on the new book, *Look Away, Look Away*. I could go into boxing. And don't think for a minute I couldn't be heavyweight champion of the world. You hear me out there, Sonny Liston? You don't believe me? Look at that picture on the cover again, baby. I am also considering—but not too seriously—standing offers to enter professional baseball or football. But we've got to face it, I would fall with one hell of a crash on a football field (even though it might take more than one guy to bring me down). And while I might be hot stuff catching high ones in the outfield, even the wildest pitcher in baseball would murder me at home plate because I have got such a big strike zone.

Reason No. 3: Finally, I am tired of being a villain. It is not the role I had in mind when I entered this sport. I don't *feel* like a villain, and I don't think like a villain. And there are girls out there who insist I don't exactly look mean, either, you know? Never mind the mustache and beard, man. My mother thinks it looks awful, but the overall vote is in favor of it.

And I think I have spotted a trend away from that sort of thing. Villainy, I mean. In the oldtime days there was no sympathy for the big guys. Remember Bluto, the big, fat one in the Popeye cartoons? And he would always grab old Olive Oyl and run off with her, and Popeye would eat all that crazy (ugh) spinach and then kick the hell out of Bluto? Well, Bluto is pretty much out of it now. And take the case of Frankenstein's monster. He used to be a real hella and now even he has

been gentled up on TV. Then, finally, there is a new kindly hero: the Jolly Green Giant. It's a trend, you see? Now, I don't exactly see myself as the Jolly Bronze Giant—I don't dig that leafy little costume, for one thing—but you get the theme.

Boy, I don't know. How does a guy get to be a villain in the first place? Not all at once, I promise you. It is a cumulative series of little things—like little jabs from sportswriters—that have a way of adding up over the years to make the total picture of a bad guy. They have a way of slowly filling in an image that seems to stick in people's minds. I don't know of any athlete in the world who has had to prove himself so many times. Over and over again, fighting off the image. I'll give you an example:

"That Wilt. He just stands there and dunks the ball," says one writer.

So I work hard and perfect a jump shot.

"That Wilt. He shouldn't fade away from the basket when he's shooting the jumper," they say.

So I try some other shots. And I concentrate on defense.

"That Wilt," they say this time. "He just plays one end of the court."

So I dash around and hustle down to the other end of the court.

"He's hogging all the action."

So I try more team play, and I feed the ball off like mad.

"That Wilt," they say, fresh out of criticism. "He's a link."

Man, how can I win? Look: I know I'm getting well paid for this sort of jazz, and everybody shrugs and says, "Well, old Wilt can laugh all the way while he's walking to the bank." Actually, it's better than that. I can laugh all the way while *driving* to the bank in my \$27,000 baby-lavender Bentley Continental convertible. But that doesn't help the hurt piled up inside. Let me put it another way: I get paid big money for playing basketball, and I play it. But I *do not* get paid big money for being hounded and castigated and called a lot of things I am not, right?

In a funny way, name-calling is one of the key things that makes professional basketball a bush-league affair when it doesn't have to—it *shouldn't*—be that way at all. You don't see that sort of thing in other sports. Does

the owner of the New York Giants say bad things about Jimmy Brown because Jimmy plays for the Cleveland Browns? Never. Big-league owners know that interleague sniping gives the whole game a bad name. And the fans expect better conduct. You won't hear Al Lopez calling Mickey Mantle a bum. Unfortunately, the fans don't always get such conduct in pro basketball. I ask you: Where else but in professional basketball do you get 1) owners, 2) players and 3) coaches all knocking each other?

How can Ned Irish of the New York Knicks say "I wouldn't have Wilt on my team?" Never mind Ned's personal feelings about me; how he might feel personally doesn't matter. But in sniping at me—or at anybody—can he be helping the NBA? He's knocking it down. It creates a strictly bush atmosphere. And when this sort of thing happens you start to wonder if the people involved really want to improve basketball or maybe just get their names in the papers. They have money and what they really want is fame, I guess.

I think some NBA owners regard having their own basketball team as sort of like an executive yo-yo; you know, like a toy. They like the idea of really *owning* something in sports and maybe they can't afford a whole football team. (It's nice to have something to kick around at the country club. "Yeah, man, as I was telling my team the other day. . .") All of which is fine. Man, I don't care what these people spend their money on. But don't forget, they're trading in the lives of real people here.

How about Franklin Mieuli, who owned about 10% of the San Francisco 49ers, and he had a hold of that little piece of action and then he got the owners' hots. So when Eddie Gottlieb sold his share of the Warriors, Mieuli dashed right over and bought it all up, and now here he is, really able to get in there and mix it up. Frankly, I doubt if Mieuli knows very much about basketball. But he wants to speak up about it, and now that he is an owner, now he can. Oh, man!

And what do you get in situations like this in the league? I'll tell you what you get: I was sitting in my apartment in San Francisco one night looking out at the view, and a newspaper reporter knocked at my door. He said something



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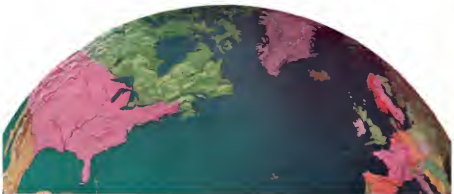
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cheery like, "Hello. You have now been traded. Goodbye." And do you think the owner had the courtesy to even *tell* to me about it? Hah. (In this case, though, I figured something was coming up. Some time before, Gottlieb had talked to me and kind of asked how I'd like going back to Philadelphia to play. And I was honest and warned him that if they signed me it would have to be with the understanding that it might be my last season.)

How about Barry Kramer coming in for practice one day, and about the time he gets down to his undershorts someone says something like, "By the way, man. Don't bother undressing any further. You don't play for us anymore." Just like that. And Wayne Hightower. He walked into the locker room in New York. "Hightower? Oh, yeah. Hightower. You've been traded to Baltimore."

It's the old 30-yo, like the owners have a little game of their own going that we don't know anything about. You know, a secret league where they say, "Look, I'll give you two forwards and a regulation basketball and a couple of rolls of tape for a big center and a pair of sneakers." And what about the image to the public? Oh, man, never mind the image. And if that isn't hush, baby, I don't know what is.

Now, I don't want to sound like rhythm and blues. You don't have to set this story to music. But there is a reason this action has such a crazy impact in basketball that it does not have in other sports. Look, we all know there must be trades and player cuts and drafts. We all know there must be owner wheeling and dealing. Fine. All sports wheel and deal. And we don't even want to know all the owners' business, you follow me? But basketball is a kind of special case because the players get so *close* to each other playing this game. The game demands close, instinctive relationships. We're more sensitive about teammates than, say, linebackers, who are bought and sold by the pound like hamburger. Basketball players build strong friendships and respect on and off the court.

So we understand the owners have to deal. But it doesn't have to be this hush. They could call the players in and let them know what's cooking. I don't mean ask the players' opinion. But at least let them know, *see*? And then you wouldn't have these kids out there all jumpy and



STUFFING THE BALL. His hands way above the rim, Walt gets two for the Philadelphia team he joined at mid-season. With dunks and his fallaway he shot over 50% this season.

not playing 100% basketball. In football and baseball also most of the trading is done in the off season, and by the time the regular season comes around the shock has worn off.

The top players, all the ones I know who are *serious* about this game, are all trying to improve it, to get the bush image out of it. But, man, it's tough.

That's just the beginning. Let me take you inside a secret practice session of the Philadelphia 76ers and we'll see how this grabs you.

We're divided up into two squads for scrimmaging. We're inside Convention Hall and it is big and dark and cold and empty, and when the ball slips into your hands it makes a ringing, hollow sound up against the ceiling. We're wearing a sort of catch-me-come-kiss-me collection of hits and pieces of old uniforms, and we look like the orphans' picnic. Coach Dolph Schayes is trying to teach us basketball

fundamentals (and I think we'll agree right here that it is a little late for *that* sort of thing. If we don't know the fundamentals by now, we're all dead). Suddenly, on a fast break or a play under the basket, Dolph sees something none of us can see. He stops everything. Tweet.

"All right," he will bark. "Yellow team take three laps around the court."

And off we go—five big, hulking, grown-up men—loping around the basketball court like a bunch of junior high school kids. Our technical practice on play patterns has been interrupted for this punishment, and the pace of our game has been thrown off. This is Schayes's way of spanking us. Then we get back to work and get a furious scrimmage going and a nice sort of *rhythm* starts to take shape.

"Want? Hold it," says Schayes. "Blue team take three laps around the court."

continued

What Your Whiskey Says About You

by
Jalim P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



A Virginia visitor to Louisville once described the open-handed hospitality of the Old Dominion State.

"Where I come from," he observed, "we serve 'em drinks between drinks!"

"In our state," replied his Kentucky host, "we know of no such interval!"

Admittedly, even Southern Hospitality, purportedly the nation's best, some times has a way of getting out of hand. And in the sharing of our special Southern elixir, the question often arises—"How generous is a generous host?"

At our family distillery the OLD FITZGERALD cork may be drawn at will, yet seldom is. We hold to the view that more than a moderate sharing of our sensitive product is less a mark of generosity than of a thoughtless host.

To our Kentucky way of thinking, genuine Southern Hospitality is more a matter of quality than of quantity, in which an adequate serving of the best the house affords, honors the guest more truly than an over-flowing glassful of the least.

Yet has it ever struck you as strange that oftentimes an otherwise gracious host will serve the choicest food, with little thought of cost, but in his pre-dinner cocktails, the sorriest of boot-tail whinkies.

As an occasional guest at such functions, I find the drinks are most often "kitchen-poured-and-mixed" to hide the unknown label.

Hospitality? I ask you!

Over the years, through quality and character alone, our OLD FITZGERALD has earned its name as "Kentucky's Key to Hospitality"—the one Bourbon Kentuckians have long preferred for full satisfying flavor over all other Bourbons regardless of price.

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CHAMBERLAIN continued

Crash. There we go again. Everything stops. And the secret in all this is that the blue team hasn't done anything wrong. Dolph is just so soft-hearted that he's been thinking about it for a few minutes and has decided that they ought to do it, too. And any punishment value of the fags is nullified, right? It's almost the same thing in actual league play. Schayes is so tender-hearted that someone sitting on the bench can look over at him with those big wet eyes, and he'll put them into the game—even if the man replaced is having a big night. You see?

In the dressing room one day a couple of weeks ago, Dolph came up with another idea.

"We've got to fake those fouls more," he said. "Let's throw up our hands and stagger backwards and really make it look real to the referee."

"But, Coach," said Dave Gambee. "This only works if you're a good actor. A lot of us can't pull it off. We just don't look innocent."

"All right," says Schayes. "I guess we'd better play it straight. But fake them when you can, huh?"

Now, whatever you do, don't get me wrong. There is a hard-core moral hidden away in here, baby, and it goes right down to one of the really fundamental things that is wrong with professional basketball. The coaching system is right out of bushville.

It's one of those things that went wrong with the system years ago. Here is a guy who has played long and well and faithfully. And he comes up with a bad knee or something like that and the owners say, "Well, we've got to do something nice for good old Whooor." So what do they do? They make a coach out of him, and next season he suddenly turns up coaching his old cronies, the guys he used to play with. And playing the game does not necessarily qualify a man to coach it, right? Take Dolph.

Here is a genuinely good guy. He is tall, handsome, he dresses well, he is soft-spoken and he is nice to the wife and kids. And right now that makes him almost too nice a guy to coach a bunch of hardened basketball professionals. Schayes knows all the plays and strategies well—and if he had any legs left he could run them—but he has a tough time passing this information on to the players.

Meanwhile, here are the NBA runners, with diamond rings on their little fingers and cigars in their mouths, and they want winners. Do what you have to do, coach baby, but boot me home a winner. Don't talk to me about personality problems, coach, just show me that big hog score. Don't come to me with the song and dance about a tired team. I know the season is too long, but what the hell, baby. Win, win, win.

A gentle, soft-hearted coach against this kind of background is like a little old lamb in there with the hungry lions. Schayes, for one, has that woolly look, and there are plenty of others. We could have won at least seven or eight more games than we did this season with fierce, cat-'em-up coaching.

There are examples of this through the association. I'm not in a position to comment on the Detroit situation; man, I've got enough problems of my own. But here it is again: they take Dave Debusschere, a second-year man in basketball, and they make him a coach. It's a waste of Dave's talents and worse than that it's bush, baby.

Pro basketball has created a lot of jumpy coaches. The poor guys, it's a wonder some of them don't sort of fall off the bench and maybe foam at the mouth a little. I promise you that some coaches in this association get word that they've lost one player and picked up two—or some combination like that—and they're absolutely dumbfounded. And very, very few of them can speak up or talk back.

The word was all around the league that when Paul Seymour was coach at St. Louis, he protested about some owner moves and he got fired. And Seymour, baby, was a very, very good coach. A real loss to the game. On the old Warriors, Neil Johnston came up lame or something like that, and Gottlieb made him a coach. Another one of those things out of sympathy. In our first year together—it was 1960, I think—we had a good year and took second to Boston. And I don't think this was a reflection of Neil's coaching so much as that we just had a great team, you understand?

Then when the second year came along we lost to the Syracuse Nationals in the semifinals of the playoffs—and then Neil was dismissed, and he kind of lashed out and made some very unfair statements. He made out like Wilt Chamberlain was a prima donna and he couldn't talk to

me. And as I remember the two years with Johnson we had one disagreement. Just one. But I guess he had to blame losing his job on somebody instead of his coaching. It all weaves into this image we've got.

Since professional basketball began, owners have been hiring the wrong kind of coaches—then firing them for not winning. There are enough ex-coaches around to form their own Old Cats League or something. Take Owner Ben Kerrier of the St. Louis Hawks: he is known around the league for the ability to fire a coach before the coach can get the laces tied up on his sneakers. Cincinnati eased Charley Wolf out because he didn't produce a winner right away. In San Francisco, Bob Feenick decided he wasn't ready for coaching, and he got out of it gracefully by becoming general manager. But, you know, what do the owners expect—that maybe there will be new winners in the season? And if not, what is the remedy. Firing eight coaches? Sometimes that seems to be the idea around here.

Good college coaches are usually too smart to come into the professional ranks. They take one look at this snake pit, and they say, "Who me? Man, are you kidding me?" Happily, this system doesn't go flat across the board in the NBA. The owners who have a feeling for a coach will go out and buy him a good team and give him the chance to build it into a powerhouse, and they leave him alone. Know what I mean? I mean, look at the Boston Celtics and Auerbach. You know the real key reason why they are so good as a team? Man, those guys have been together for an average of nine years now. They're so close they're like Siamese sextuplets.

How about me? Would I coach if they asked me? I happen to think I would make a pretty good coach. But don't ask me.

That Red Auerbach. Now, isn't he too much? With that cigar and the look like he would snap you in half. I mean mean. But what a guy. I can remember the first time we met—and maybe you don't know this, but he was my coach at one time. It was back in 1953 and I was a high school freshman then. Maybe about . . . oh, 6 feet 10½ or so . . . and a real smart aleck. You know I had been playing a lot of basketball already against some pretty tough old boys, and I thought I was pretty hot stuff.

continued



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CHAMBERLAIN *Good Friend*

Haskell Cohen, the public relations guy for the NBA—man, he was *really* looking into the future—had spotted me down at Overbrook High in Philadelphia. And he got me a summer job bell-hopping at Kutsher's resort up in the Catskills. It was a sort of breeding ground for future professionals. Haskell was looking beyond high school and college, I guess. So I turned up on the borscht circuit carrying suitcases and waiting on tables and sort of standing around all bones and eyeballs and teeth. Every summer resort up there had its own basketball team made up of college kids who needed jobs for the summer. They worked a little and played a little. And who was the coach at Kutsher's? The man with the cigar.

Looking back on it, I think maybe it was my attitude that first touched off Auerbach. You know, I wasn't exactly the most modest kid in town, and I had a lot of moves for a high school freshe playing with the big boys. And when Red would call practice he would sort of talk to me in that voice that catches you right here, right between the ribs. He especially didn't like the way I played defense.

"Don't you think, Chamberlain," Red would growl, "that it might be sort of a good idea to defense your man from in front of him instead of behind him? What the hell are you doing back there?" But I went on defending from behind the guys, reaching around with my arms to get the ball, waiting to fall on them when they wheeled around to shoot.

"We are going to play Shawanga Lodge next," said Red, looking through me. "And you are going to have to defense B. H. Born. I think it only fair to tell you, Chamberlain, that B. H. Born has just made All-America from the University of Kansas. And I think it only fair to tell you that B. H. Born is going to make chopped chicken liver out of you." So we played Shawanga.

At the half-time break, I had scored 30-some points and Born had scored exactly two. And I came ambling back into the dressing room and flopped myself down on the training table and folded my arms behind my head. I was whistling, you know, doo de doo de doo, and sort of looking sideways at old Red while he looked back at me with a steely stare. Finally he grinned a little trace of a grin at me. "Now about the second half," he said. Then, "Now, *Mister* Chamberlain, may I please have your attention

for a moment?" Suddenly we understood each other. Red and I. And I learned to play defense on *both* sides; I play it a lot in front now. After that, Red would let me serve him drinks and cigars in his room when he was up all night playing poker, and he later got me aside to talk about future schooling.

"Why don't you go to Harvard, kid?" he said. "And then I'll be able to pick you off in the territorial draft for the Celtics." But other forces were already at work, a bunch of things that would change my entire life. After that summer, life began to get tougher.

From that summer when I was a gangly kid I looked forward to playing professional basketball. I mean, hot damn, all that glimmaw! World travel and like that. Big money and cheering crowds and beautiful girls sort of jammed all around the dressing-room door. Now, *there* is a boyhood dream gone to pieces.

Pro basketball is traveling, all right. But not from country to country or even city to city. It is traveling from locker room to locker room. And dressing rooms all come to have that same stale smell about them after a while. It is sweat and sneakers and soaking wet uniforms and wrinkled clothes, and there is the steady hiss of showers. Listen, you kids out there. Listen, Lew Alcindor, for one. Defeat and victory all smell exactly the same in a pro basketball dressing room after a while. You get so you don't feel elation. You just feel beat. And there is no crowd of beautiful girls waiting outside a dressing-room door—nor much time for dating, anyway. Last week I was sitting all lonely in the Sheraton Hotel in Philadelphia—the rooms there are like little bitty boxes and pawing through the stuff in my bag. I came up with the phone number of this girl—I mean, she is a *disb*—and called her for a date. When the phone started ringing I suddenly remembered that I hadn't called her in, like, four years, and what would I say if her *husband* answered the phone? (It turned out she wasn't married. Whew. But it also turned out that she had another date that night. See what I mean?)

What I'm telling you—you, Alcindor, and all you long-armed kids out there—is that basketball burns you out. And if you make it in the pros you had better save your money and be ready to retire at any hour. It can all end like snapping your fingers. Pro basketball burns you

continued

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faster because you play a faster game than anybody else and pretty soon—*wag!* You start to lose your desire. It isn't always playing the game that gets to you—the *real* pros love the game and, man, they love to play it—it is some of the bushy things that will finally nail you. They have nailed me. And sometimes I don't want to retire tomorrow, I want to retire *eventually*. You follow me? Let me put it this way.

You can play baseball until you're 45 (if you can stand the luck of real action and that 162-game season) and you can play football until you're pretty well up there, too. But not basketball. The saddest thing about this is that there are some remedies close at hand for all this. Put them all together and they don't spell mother, baby. They spell money.

Pro basketball is still the most exciting thing going on. But it is sadly overexposed. Man, by the end of the season the public has got basketball up to *here*. Since it got going good, the game has been dominated by some owners who have got big money worries and little reserves. Know what I mean? They're forced to be competitive and too businesslike about this game, and they can't let up and relax for long enough to give it the help it needs. In the National Football League the owners can go first class all the way and not worry about the right-now revenue. Can the owners look for a long-term, five-year gain in basketball? Why, in five years many of them won't be around.

I'm in my seventh year, and I guess I'm lucky to have held all of me together this long. It's at the point now where I lose eight to 12 pounds during each game, and sometime my stomach hurts so bad out there under the basket that I sort of have to *how* on the guy guarding me and gasp to catch my breath. I used to drink a half gallon of milk right after every game and about seven other quarts of milk during the day. But now Dr. Loebner has got me cut down to one bottle of milk a day, and has me on a diet so bland that it doesn't even have hot dogs on it. Man, I have *lived* on hot dogs for years. So now I sit in the locker room after coming off the floor, and I start to polish off a quart of ginger ale or Seven-Up, and like Richman—like it is a very dramatic small guy—comes in and sort of staggers backward and slaps his hand to his forehead.

"That stuff will *kill* you!" he says. "Will you for *once* stay on your diet?" And he snatches the bottle away from me and splashes it on his hands and the floor and all over my bare feet. "Look here," he says, rubbing his hands together. "This stuff is so strong it will even clean my hands. No wonder you've got a sore stomach. What am I going to do with you?"

Well, honest, like, I don't know what you're going to do with me or what I am going to do with you. But whatever it is, you'll be the first to know.

I first I am going to get well. I don't know, maybe I'll go to the Mayo Clinic—if they've got a bed out there big enough for me—and get this stomach all fixed up. Then I will go back to my apartment and sit there and play my electric guitar (I don't play melodies too well, but I can chord like crazy) until it drives the neighbors out of their minds. I will put on my Day-O! hat (you know, "Day-O! Daylight come and me wanna go home") and my dark shades and take my big conga drum and go over in Central Park and sit there and play it and figure out the future.

I've gotten psychologically punchy over the years I've played basketball. People have been snatching and pulling at me since I was little . . . well, since I was a kid, not a little kid. I've been stared at, laughed at, insulted, investigated and generally turned inside out.

Man, the F-B-I grabbed me while I was still in Overbrook High School in Philadelphia, and word was getting around that I was getting some pretty fabulous offers from colleges around the country. Like tens of thousands of dollars under the table and hidden away in caves and secret funds. Offers of big cars and like that. There I was, still a young, impressionable boy who didn't want to do anything in the world but just plain play basketball. And they were on me like I was the biggest criminal in the country. I ran that day on, basketball got better, but my life got tougher.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The charge that he's a "loser" has always incensed Chamberlain. Now he meets it head on, revealing fresh details behind his record at Kansas and in the pros and analyzing his competitive relationship with perennial winner Bill Russell.

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GILTFINGER'S GOLDEN DOME

Judge Roy Hofheinz has glided the Houston Astrodome with \$6 million worth of luxuries that have little to do with baseball—except to coddle the fan as he has never been coddled before **by LIZ SMITH**



THE SKYBOXES on the top rim of the spectacular arena (top right) are way up in poppy corners, highly decorated. The room above,



with a Las Vegas motif, comes with the \$15,000, or diamond box. The Oriental bedroom is at Hofheinz' own two-story office and box.

From a glass-enclosed box near the 474-foot-long electronic scoreboard, Kubla Khan surveys his stately pleasure dome, talking about \$37 million worth of detail in a kind of Texas "poor boy" lingo. Only the scene isn't Xanadu, it is Houston, and Kubla himself is actually Judge Roy Hofheinz, prime mover and dreamer of the domed-stadium dream. He is looking out into the Houston Astrodome, a structure 710 feet in diameter which may very well make obsolete all other stadiums in the world.

This week, on Friday evening, April 9, the Astrodome will open officially, with one of the most unusual baseball weekends ever scheduled: five exhibition games between the Houston Astros and two teams of visitors, the New York Yankees and the Baltimore Orioles. The program is designed to measure up to the Astros' new home, the first and largest

self-enclosed, completely air-conditioned sports arena ever created.

For weeks now, in spring training camps, in architectural and technical circles and at Texas cocktail parties, the Astrodome has been the common topic. This mammoth structure shimmers white over nine and a half acres of Texas flatland, a prophecy come true. Back in 1939, air-conditioning pioneer Willis Carrier said the day would come when men would live under domes of transparent material, ruling out weather as a factor in work and play. Roy Hofheinz believed in that prediction.

Of course, they all laughed when the judge sat down five years ago to play Astrodome builder. Nobody thought it could be done and, although the premiere is virtually upon us, many still doubt that the domed stadium represents the shape of things to come. What

they cannot afford to doubt, however, is the shape and substance of Judge Hofheinz, a tall, round, fiftyish Texan who corralled the dissemlers like some stalwart quarter horse herding steers into a chute.

The judge is a shrewd and sophisticated operator in the Lyndon B. Johnson genre—country-boy sensuality moved with a gamlet-eyed grasp of the realities. In fact, he was the President's first political campaign manager many years ago. In 1936, at 24, he became the youngest man ever to be a U.S. county judge, serving for eight years. Credited with the foresight that gave Houston a head start in its current business boom, he became the most controversial mayor that Houston ever had. He also parlayed a radio station, a shade industry and a law firm into a multimillion-dollar business. As a somewhat reluctant admirer has said, "The judge has to be

continued

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HOUSTON STADIUM

king of something. He is too smart to be governor of this state, so he is settling at the moment for building something everyone said couldn't be built. Now that he has proved them wrong, he will also prove he can make it pay off."

It was Hofheinz' pressuring that produced the \$37 million complex (56 million is private investment) that made this impossible stadium possible. But nowhere is his Midas touch—and taste—more evident than within the confines of the Dome itself. The judge's love for all that glitters begins with the Dome offices. Here there are yards and yards of deep gold carpet, lush velvet scarlet-and-gold chairs supported by rampant Austrian lions or gold metal frames, specially designed gold telephones on every gold-trimmed Louis XIV desk. In the bathrooms adjoining the offices of Hofheinz and his co-partner, R. E. (Bob) Smith, the fixtures have been sprayed with Velvex, a kind of yellow-gold plush that covers the lid, the seat and even the pipes. It is hardly surprising that a few unkind Texans refer to the judge as "Guldfinger."

Upstairs in the glittery black-and-gold glass-enclosed kitchen of his box, Hofheinz pours coffee into gold Flimridge china cups and taps his cigar into a gilded ceramic ashtray shaped like an outfielder's glove. Yellow velvet chairs on gold-ball legs can be pushed up to the window so that VITs (Very Important Texans) can look down at the green diamond below. The adjoining living room houses an aureate Oriental dragon, and a circular stair leads to a Fu Manchu bedroom which Hofheinz admits is "just a showcase for my Madison Avenue friends who think Indians are loose when they go west of the Hudson." Even as the judge displays his sauna, another gilded toilet and some of the 26,000 pounds of art picked up in a six-day tour through Hong Kong, Thailand and the Middle East, he explains them away as window dressing. "Dealing in intangibles as I do," says he, "the sooner people see something like this and realize you have some ideas, the easier it is to sell your product."

Just what, you may ask, has all this live-in luxury and astral salesmanship got to do with sport? The answer depends on who's talking. As one of the dozens of architects who worked on the project remarks, "the stadium is a lot more than a baseball field, despite all

a motion picture



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that stuff about it being the perfect and only fair sports arena. You know the things Hofheinz is saying—that it will end the evenses of the Alibi Ike who make up ballplaying, because there are no shadows on the field, there is perfectly diffused light, no soggy earth, no wind, no hot sun and no land curve. Actually, Hofheinz has been more interested in the peripheral things that attract the general public. In fact, the ball team was the last thing on the judge's mind while we sweated building this thing."

Whatever was on the judge's mind, he has already turned the Dome into a show even when it is empty of fans and team. He anticipates a stream of tourists who will come to see the Dome itself. Bosholders will be able to entertain guests in the Dome's private clubs when no game is scheduled, and point out where they would sit if anything was going on. The Astrodome will be operating 365 days a year and all the while the judge will be selling—the 45,000 seats for the team's ball games and one-minute spot ads between innings of baseball and quarters of football for an enormous TV screen set into the scoreboard. He must fill the Dome with other sporting events and with a variety of convention groups in order to pay the \$750,000 annual rent to Harris County, which has leased the Dome to the Houston Sports Association for 40 years. Gulf Oil is the only advertiser now visible in the Dome, with two gigantic orange medallions on the \$2 million scoreboard for which they paid \$1 million. The judge claims that he could sell the space for twice the amount today.

In addition to its glitter, the stadium is also full of mechanical marvels. There is an ultraviolet-ray smoke detector for checking visibility. There is a weather station on the roof that feeds data to a computer that keeps the temperature a constant 72°. The diamond is lighted by 300 footcandles—no one has ever seen one lighted by even 200 before. When the Astros hit a homer the giant scoreboard lights up in a pyrotechnical display. Cowboys appear, bullets ricochet, a snorting hull comes out and it is generally the Battle of San Jacinto. If the opposition homers, the board actually says "Tilt."

The stadium roof is made of 4,596 Lucite skylights that enable the three and a half acres of Bermuda grass on the diamond to grow healthily indoors.

continued



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Though many think the roof rolls back, it does not, since the point all along was to keep the weather out. There are also foam-rubber theater seats in a rainbow of colors, a plethora of restaurants and concession stands, two private clubs to satisfy status-seekers and help them evade the archaic Texas liquor laws, an army of theatrically costumed attendants, and a spectacular \$3 million advance sale for the first season.

While Texas ladies shook out their summer furs or flew up to Dallas to pick up a little something new for the opening and while their easygoing, tall and tanned husbands fiddled with the air-conditioning switches in their limousines as they drewed over car telephones to New York brokers, the judge was working his usual 18-to-20-hour day to see to it that this week these blasé folks who have already seen, bought and heard everything get quite a bit more than they bargained for.

He is also determined that the common man of Harris County, whose bond issue built the Dome, should feel that he is being treated just as well as the kings of petroleum, gas and cattle in the upper tiers. "What we have here is a new concept in professional sport," says the judge. "Baseball is the great common denominator. So here we give the bleacher fan air-conditioned comfort for the same price he paid for an eight-inch board in the blazing sun or rain somewhere else."

In the bleachers there are excellent seats for \$1.50 and, conceivably, a man can drive up, park (for \$60), take a free advertiser-sponsored tram-tram from car to Dome, walk up a slightly inclined ramp and see a fantastic show—for a grand total of \$2. If he likes, he can also spend money among concessionaires who will never block his view or picnic among artificial trees in the field-level Bavarian-flavored Domeskeller. Here, amid plaster elves astride beer barrels, the viewer looks out onto the field through a wire mesh and eats hot dogs sans chiggers, ants, sunburn, sand or rain. What's more, there is the Countdown Cafeteria with its uniformed Blast-off Girls to serve you under anachronistic murals of Cretan bull dancers, stubby Trojan warriors and other ancient sportsmen. Full-course meals comparable to those in the private clubs above will be available in the Trailblazer restaurant, where the murals depict

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man's struggle for a better life and where the judge wants the customer to feel he has achieved it. Just watching the big rich on the topmost level ought to be a show in itself, for Hofheinz has done everything imaginable and a few things unimaginable to provide the trappings that will make Dome watching worthwhile.

The 18-story Shamrock Hilton Hotel could easily stand in the middle and not touch the sides or top. Beginning in bands of rust for the bleachers, seats rise in a color spectrum from burnt orange to red to black to purple to bright yellow to pale yellow to royal blue. These seats, with the map of Texas embossed on their aisle sides, would be impossible in any stadium subject to weather, and are so comfortable "they will reduce the length of the game by an hour," quips the judge. He claims he has little fear of vandalism, since research by the American Seating Co. "proves that it occurs in direct ratio to the hardness of the seat." Sixty-five percent of these upholstered dreams are behind the world's longest dugouts, because of a Hofheinz theory that everyone wants to leave the ball park bragging. "I sat behind the dugout."

With hundreds of details still to be worked out before the opening, the judge recently gave the last of his A-1 guided tours. Most Houstonians were going slowly crazy trying for a preview peek at the Dome, and a sure way to one-up anybody at the Cork Club, Rudi's West or the Warwick Hotel was to say you had been inside. The judge had a

serier embargo on visitors—he was saving up for this week's next jam of ticket buyers in cars at his strategically fanned-out highway ticket booths, which connect back to the Dome via pneumatic underground tubes for quick change and exchange.

Seizing a moment for lunch, he hurried over to Mel's Pit Bar-B-Q, where he could avoid the fans who come up and hammer him with suggestions in public places, for the judge is a celebrity of note in Houston. There he washed down great amounts of hickory-smoked spareribs with mugs of cold Schlitz—one of his new accounts. Heads turned on the grand new roads, which all seem to be leading to the Dome, as the judge, wearing a short-sleeved white-on-white shirt with a row of gold pencils and tan cigars decorating the pocket, whizzed by at the wheel of his long black Cadillac. His tie bore the number 13 and a black cat, his money clip was a silver dollar and his gold watch contained, among other things, a slide rule. His black, slick, slightly graying hair, stubby brown teeth and heavy black horn-rims give the judge the look of an enormous owl. "I studied up on color psychology," he says, distilling a unique rheostat in his lower office bar that controls various hues designed to get people in the right mood for different things, "and I also studied crowd psychology. The stadium is designed for fast traffic. It can be cleared in nine minutes. We have everything figured out—no ice, no food has ever to be moved during a

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HOUSTON STADIUM *Continued*

game and the seats are soundproofed, so if we're only partly full the echo is minimized. We spent \$6 million decorating on top of the \$31 million this cost the county. On the blue level, where our most expensive boxes are, we experimented for a week to determine what light looked best on ladies' makeup and clothes. Listen, every day here will be ladies' day."

Up on the blue level, with its special green carpet and fast elevators, one experiences a slight shock of wonder that these are considered the best seats, in view of their distance from the diamond. This heavenly circle was the judge's afterthought and a matter on which his architects disagreed. He put it in anyway and installed behind it 53 special rooms, each with its own closed-circuit TV, radio, Dow-Jones ticker, seismaker, refrigerator, bar and toilet. The rooms are decorated in a riot of astounding styles from western to southern to Oriental to heaven-knows-what, with much fake green ivy and other plastic plant life and scenic wallpaper panels (there are no windows). Despite the conflicts and contrasts, they create an overall impression of motel modern. The corporate executive pays annually either \$18,000 for 30 seats in a box or \$15,000 for 24 seats in a box, (each with its special room) for a minimum of five years. With this comes a butler to serve his guests drinks and canapés. Ladies can freshen up by taking only a step to the private room, and those faint from peering down at the miniature game below can lie down and watch it on TV. There are two 54-seat boxes with private rooms for sale at \$33,000.

The judge is still guarding the secret of who bought what as closely as if it were the formula for Coca-Cola syrup—causing some to think that perhaps not many of them are signed for. But many companies and individuals have purchased these showplaces, including August Busch, the owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, Astronaut Alan Shepard and his business associate, Bill McDavid, the Bank of the Southwest, the Houston Bank and Trust, the Cameron Iron Works, the Houston Chronicle, the Tennessee Gas Company, the Houston National Bank, the Bay Houston Towing Company and others of this ilk. The judge claims 27 sold for \$2 million and 21 more of the 53 spoken for.

These box- and room-holders have one extra cachet—entrance to the ex-

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HOUSTON STADIUM continued

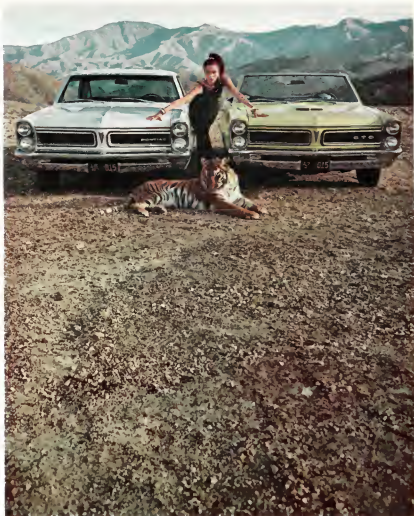
clusive-to-them Skydome Restaurant, with its black diorama of a moving universe. Japanese-style food prepared at the tables and a 210-foot glass-walled view of Houston's skyline. Each Skybox owner has his own specially engraved gold spatula, for serving from the gourmet tray.

There is little reason to suspect that the dazzling opening, followed by the exhibition games and then the beginning of the regular season on April 12 (Astros vs. the Phillies), will not sell everything in sight, for Houston is a town drowning in money. Thunking up "fun" things for business entertainment is a leading local pastime.

Still, Houston's young smart set, which goes in heavily for modern art and tasteful, small private homes walled off from the street, or life in the popular new high-rise apartments, is looking just a bit down its nose at the stadium. Some call it the doomed stadium, and most claim to have been asked to go in on the blue boxes, which all feel are too expensive for private ownership. This group boasts more football than baseball fans, and many will wait until the stadium converts for the Houston Oilers' pro football season. Knowledgeable types already think that the better seats are in the yellow and red circles closer to the field and near enough for convenience to the other private restaurant, which they can join for a small fee. This is the 550-foot-long Astrodome Club. It has a turn-of-the-century decor, pseudo-Lautree murals (one depicts the judge studying *La Goulue*), a bar bearing mottoes such as "All That Glitters Is Not Gold" and a partially gold floor. Here the meat-carving chef will wear over his white uniform snap-on sleeves of velvet with ermine tails.

Houston's hotels and motels are already overbooked this week. Lawrence Marcus, who will soon move to Houston from Dallas to establish an opulent larger version of his family's famed store, Neiman-Marcus, is flying down for the opening. U.S. Rubber President H. N. Barnett is due from Akron, and Hotel Corporation of America Board Chairman John Bergen is expected, along with 275 newsmen. Many who could well afford the blue tier have bought in the red seats, among them Texaco scion J. S. Cullinan II, who once owned the Houston ball club himself, and rich young Tommy Mercer of Fort Worth the as

continued



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co-owner with Lamar Hunt of the Kansas City Chiefs), who will fly down in his private plane with his wife, Jo, and their seven children. The John Becks (she is the niece of the late Jesse Jones) felt that the blue level was too high up and settled for the red. These are avid sports fans who really want to see the ball game. They also include the Europe-bound Michel Hahoutys, who took two boxes back of first base which they are lending to their daughter, Mrs. Thomas E. Kelly. The Theodore Laws (she is the daughter of the founder of Humble Oil) are going strictly to see the game, say they wouldn't think of dressing formally for a ball game and don't plan to party before or after.

Socialites such as W. D. and Frances Hayden are taking members of their family to share their blue box, and Mrs. Hayden, who bought a new green suit for the opening, says, "Oh, we might go to the Warwick afterward." They will eschew the exclusive stadium cafes because "we would rather have hot dogs, beer and peanuts—that's half the fun of going to a ball game."

Meantime, the Rev. Billy Graham has already placed his stamp of approval on the Dome. He will hold a revival there Oct. 8-17 and is featured in Dome ads as saying, "This is in truth one of the great wonders of the world." The judge is already making plans to replace the hard-won stadium grass with a synthetic in order to make the switch from baseball to football easier and quicker. The turf must be moved in some sections and the red seats turned on tracks to make a football field. Then sod has to be replaced when the baseball diamond is re-formed. Although the Dome was engineered so that grass could grow, and that was its most difficult problem, the judge already considers the achievement obsolete.

The judge also has in mind a spectacular production of the opera *Aida* with the Houston and Dallas symphonies playing while a cast of 10,000 performs with live elephants. Hofheim figures there are 85 enormous world organizations with no place to meet properly but his Dome. He also has an eye on 1968, when two national political conventions lured, he hopes, by less stringent Texas liquor laws (hopefully, the curfew will be extended from midnight to 2 a.m.) will come to stage their own favorite indoor sport in Houston.

END

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PRIVATE GAME: NO ADMITTANCE!

Hockey's lords of the major league manor are like poker players with an easy mark at the table. They are in no hurry to open the door to strangers who want to share the fun or the loot

by JACK OLSEN



Anyone who has attended a National Hockey League game in the last 10 years has experienced the same creepy feeling that must come to travelers in places like India and Pakistan. Piteful mendicants loiter under the marquees of Montreal's Forum, Detroit's Olympia Stadium and the other arenas, palms outstretched, faces wreathed in mingled hope and misery, voices supplicating, im-

ploring. "Please mister," they say, and their shamed whispers chill the soul, "do you have a ticket to sell?" On that rare occasion when one does have an extra ticket, violent handshakes are exchanged, backs are slapped, grandiose promises are made and, at least in Montreal, cheeks are kissed resoundingly.

Major league hockey sold out 94.5% of its rated seating capacity during the

season that just ended, 91.6% the season before and 86.1% the season before that. No other sport, including pro football, can match it for filling up the empties. In cities like Montreal and Toronto season tickets are grabbed up 10 years in advance, and thousands wait patiently for the list to dwindle, or for Uncle Alf to pass on and divide his box seats among the worthy heirs. Chicago's fierce Black Hawks and Detroit's hustling Red Wings, the league champions this year, sell out as a matter of routine. Even in Boston and New York, the poverty pockets of major league hockey, the acquisition of any kind of decent seat is regarded as a minor miracle. This year the New York Rangers, next to the bottom in the standings, filled 90% of their rated capacity; the Boston Bruins, in the cellar for the fifth consecutive year, sold 84%. Nothing succeeds like failure, and major league hockey has become the toughest ticket in town.

One would suppose, then, that the logical step now would be to expand the NHL from the present six to perhaps eight or 10 teams, or to start a whole new division of six teams, or something.

One would be wrong.

Major league hockey flourishes in the narrow confines of six cities—two in Canada, four in the U.S.—all within overnight train rides of one another. As far as hockey cares, everything else is Peoria. No other popular sport retains such a cottage-industry flavor or is so likely to retain its insularity. "Why should they let anybody else in on their act?" says a frustrated student of the game from California. "They're selling out now." NHL President Clarence Campbell puts it in his usual dollars-and-cents way. "Increasing the league doesn't increase your revenue 5¢ per club."

With Campbell applying his intelligence and conservatism to the task, expansion is beaten back year after year. From time to time some kind of sop is thrown to the panting public, and the fans in Los Angeles and San Francisco and Portland and Baltimore and St. Louis begin to salivate. But nothing happens. A few weeks ago the NHL went so far as to hold a trumpeted "expansion" meeting in New York. It issued a dazzling announcement that expansion was coming. It even offered a blueprint of the course it might take, i.e., a second NHL division of six more teams to face off against the present six. But when the

continues



meeting was over, the old stalwarts of the original six returned to their command posts and resumed their original position. They want expansion, but only with a 102% guarantee that it will not jeopardize their present affluence.

"Look at it this way," said Conn Smythe, president emeritus of the Toronto Maple Leafs and classical spokesman for the standpat position. "You still got Jimmy Durante and Benny and Hope and Kaye and there's two million every year trying to be comedians, and there isn't anybody coming along. Aren't there 10 million politicians in the States, and how many Presidents are there amongst 'em? There's only room at the top for a few, isn't there? That is the biggest argument of all against expansion. You've got the best players in there now, and you've got a couple of weak teams as it is. What strength do you add by expanding to a league that's already pretty proud of itself?"

The elderly Smythe flicked at his military-type mustache, adjusted his spats and quoted from the gospel according to James D. Norris, co-owner of the Chicago Black Hawks, who doesn't even want two—much less six—new teams in the NHL. Norris told Smythe, "I find it very difficult to sell myself the idea to get two new teams in the NHL. That means we're gonna lose four games with the Montreal Canadiens and four with the Toronto Maple Leafs, and I find it difficult to believe that I'm gonna substitute eight games with Los Angeles or San Francisco for eight games with the Canadiens or the Maple Leafs."

Smythe's own theory seems to be that the NHL is successful mainly because it is small. "New York and Boston keep drawing because there are only six teams in the league," he explained. "So you've always got an attraction coming in. But if you had two more teams that couldn't win games it would be different. If you had four rotten teams in the league you'd have a hell of a time getting people in the rink. They wouldn't buy season tickets for 35 games a year knowing that they had to take 15 or 20 lousy games. Nowadays you know you're always gonna have a Hull or a Howe or a Beliveau or a Richard coming in. Even Boston has Bucyk and Green and three or four others that you can stand for seven appearances. But two more bad teams would make 10 more bad games."

Smythe sounds the dominant chord in

the minds of most NHL owners: attendance, that is, money. And Clarence Campbell, who has held his job for 20 years by reflecting accurately the sentiments of the NHL owners, talks in the same terms. "I'm not antiexpansion, but I'm sold for the economics, and I think that's my primary responsibility," says Campbell. "Maybe if you started two weak teams in Los Angeles and San Francisco they would be successful, but you would jeopardize the entire enterprise. And who has come forward with the necessary resources to do it? No one at all. Expansion talk is newspaper talk. There's nobody who can create a new league faster than a columnist."

Clarence Sutherland Campbell is a Rhodes scholar, a lawyer and a thoroughgoing conservative, who answers the telephone with a clipped "Campbell here" and sometimes wears his handkerchief stuffed up his sleeve. His thin, white hair is combed straight back, his steel-gray eyes slope downward. He gives the impression of having just stepped out of the shower. He does not seek the flowery phrase but the correct one. "I am glad," he told his audience at a recent banquet, "to be at this dinner held under the aegis of the Chicago Men's Press Club for the Toronto writers and their ancillary satellites." This *ban mot* is not likely to be anthologized at a later date, but it was indubitably accurate, and indubitably Campbellsque. At a testimonial dinner for Foster Hewitt, who has been announcing hockey games in Toronto since shortly after the Battle of Hastings, Campbell started to slide into the spirit of postprandial effluence by observing that Hewitt had had more effect on hockey than anyone else in this generation. The words apparently did not feel too comfortable in his mouth, so Campbell quickly interpolated that he was only speaking "numerically." None of your wild hyperbole for Clarence Campbell.

In his tenure as NHL president, Campbell has sat like the man who is dunked by baseballs at the carnival, absorbing shot after shot by critics who mistakenly assume that he is setting policy. "This is a problem in journalism today," he said. "If they all wrote the same thing it wouldn't be any good, would it? So they are all looking for a new angle, particularly if it can be one which is chal-

lenging. The little man enjoys seeing the big guy get the hell kicked out of him. The reader just isn't interested if you say Campbell's a nice guy. They don't give a goddam." Neither, to judge by his cold analysis, does Clarence Campbell. He has developed a thick skin, perhaps because he realizes better than his critics that he is not the grand emperor of pro hockey but simply the agent for the owners of six commercial enterprises known as hockey teams. He reminds one of John L. Lewis' description of Cyrus Ching as "a truly remarkable man, who sees through the eyes of United States Rubber." Lewis was not challenging Ching's honesty or skill, nor does anyone who knows Campbell challenge his. They merely challenge a perspective that may be so limited as to distort.

And yet it is possible to sit in Campbell's neat office in Montreal and to become mesmerized by the army of arguments he has marshaled against expansion. To hear him tell it, hockey would be destroyed and the whole impenetrable fortress of the NHL might come tumbling down if it tried to grow bigger. "You'd simply have more hockey, and all diluted," he says. "If you expanded by only two clubs, each NHL team would have to provide six players. You just tell me," he said recently, "what the result would be if you took six players off any team in the NHL. Any team? And what the hell do you think it's gonna do to the spectacle? It has to deteriorate it, it has to dilute it. These six players at the bottom echelon couldn't sell tickets, they couldn't sell a show, you couldn't put them on the ice by themselves. They are the fillers."

"The best 120 players in professional hockey are in the NHL today. The second best are in the other leagues. Expansion isn't gonna change the caliber in the slightest. It never has and never will. Baseball's expansion didn't increase the quality of one baseball player, it diluted the whole show. It didn't provide any opportunity for the improvement of baseball players. In fact, it reduced the competition to the place where some of them didn't play as well as they could, and that's what would happen to us, too."

"Even if you had a new team with stars like Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita, they wouldn't be Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita for long. This is a team game, and they couldn't do it on their own. They wouldn't get the support. They'd

continued

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get all the defensive attention, all the checking, and you'd have a slower game all the way along."

In Campbell's view the addition of two teams to the NHL would create insurmountable problems of scheduling. "Our current arrangement permits a schedule that is absolutely perfect," he said. "Now let's introduce two teams on the West Coast. You can't schedule Montreal or Toronto at home on Saturday and then on the Coast on Sunday. Who the hell would run the risk? You could get snowed in. Nobody knows till 4 in the afternoon that they're gonna arrive. And, in order to go to the Coast, Toronto would have to give up three or four of its Canadian television dates, and that's revenue."

According to Campbell, professional hockey simply does not have the personnel, on or off the ice, to stock two new teams, let alone the six that are often suggested. "Where do you get the right kind of owners?" he asked. "You need a guy with a love for the game. There are no good owners that don't have one foot on the bench. We have nothing but bench operators in our league now. A new owner would have to be willing to put money into it, even when things were going poorly, and to do that he has to be an enthusiast. There's no room in hockey for promoters, no room at all. Jim Norris for several years put in at least a half million a year because all his life he was interested in the game; his father made him play it. Where are you gonna get people like that?"

Each NHL team owns its own arena and its own players, and some of the owners treat their teams the way many horsemen treat their stables, as personal extensions of their own personalities and egos, as hobbies that currently are bringing in some money. They are willing to let new owners in, but only if they, too, are hobbyists with solid-gold resources. In 1954 Cleveland almost got into the National Hockey League (Campbell already had drawn up a seven-team schedule), but at the last minute the league voted the team out because too much of its financial backing came from promises instead of cash on hand. As Campbell recalled, "They had control of their building, but they didn't have real equity money. With the advances and the loans they had, it would have been too shaky." One critic was moved to observe: "Screening applicants carefully is

one thing. But it is absurd to set up stringent requirements that make entrance impossible for anyone but a millionaire with a platinum arena."

A few miles away from Campbell's stronghold, one well-heeled owner with a different perspective works patiently in opposition to the hoary attitudes of the NHL. He is J. David Molson, president of the Montreal Canadiens and member of the brewing family that has owned the team for decades. "The National Hockey League as it is constituted today is the most successful sports enterprise in existence," young Molson said a few weeks ago. "From that point of view, expansion would seem to be undesirable. The owners say, 'Here's a successful thing, don't tamper with it.' This seems to be a good business view, but personally I don't think it's a wise one from a broad outlook."

J. David Molson does not look like a visionary. He has no long beard, no arresting red-flecked eyes and hardly any voice at all. He sits behind a big desk at the Forum—a short, impeccably dressed man with blond hair combed conservatively to the side—and mumbles predictions that must give Clarence Campbell sleepless nights and hockey fans visions of sugarplums: "Twenty or so years from now I can see two six-team leagues in the National Hockey League and an expanded American Hockey League with more than the nine teams it now has. I can see foreign leagues with Russian and Czech and Swedish teams. Some of these foreign teams are just as professional as any team in the NHL right now, they play 11 months of the year. I can see eventually a world playoff for the Stanley Cup, with worldwide television."

They talk about diluting the game by expanding," says Molson. "But you'd only dilute it for a short time. And then the incentive would be there for young hockey players. The odds on playing in a major league would be doubled, and the young players would have a renewed interest. There's no telling how many potential NHL players there are in the minors right now, but they're just not getting a chance to come up. Take Roger Crozier (star goaltender for the Red Wings). He came into the league almost by accident. He came up here and played against us once and we beat him 9-0, and I said, 'If that guy Crozier ever

plays in the National Hockey League I'll eat my hat.' So you just can't tell. Players get lost in the minors. You take the American League, a minor league with players 26, 28, 30 years old. They've been in the league four, five years, and they figure there's no chance to go up; there are only 120 places open in the NHL, and so they go about playing their game the way they want to play it. But if the chance ever came, their attitude would change, their ability would increase. Dilution doesn't worry me. As far as hockey is concerned, expansion wouldn't dilute interest, it would increase it."

"The NHL has to look at its six teams and say, 'Well, we're successful today, but where are we going tomorrow?' You can only charge so much for a ticket. And anything over 20,000 seats is bad, because you take the fan out of an involvement with the game. So we're static. And once you stop growing, you die."

Sally old Jack Adams, who transformed Detroit into a hockey town and saw his name engraved on nine Stanley Cups as player, coach and general manager, shares Molson's point of view and enlarges on it in the blunt language of the dressing room. "All that stuff about traveling and not being able to get to the West Coast," roars Adams in the voice that used to shrink referees to an inch and a half in height, "that's bunk. How many games have been postponed in the baseball leagues? Why, with these new jets you can get anywhere. And Campbell argues that you can't expand in the United States, because Americans don't understand the game well enough. That's [unprintable]! Why, the game is right there. You get the puck in the nets and you get a goal. You don't have to understand a bout the timing of a halfback running through a hole or a guard having to do something in a split second."

Adams lost his job in Detroit after 35 years of loud independence and baiting referees to the quitting point. Now he is head of the Central Professional Hockey League, a training ground for NHL players, and from this shaky platform the ruddy, roly-poly 69-year-old lofts grenades at Campbell and the NHL owners. "They got a good thing going for them now," he observed. "But if they had good judgment they'd form another major league on the West Coast and play some interlocking games till they built it up. Would they have any problem finding players? No! With the interest there

continued

is in hockey, there'll even be American players in a few years. There's 3,800 kids playing in leagues in Detroit right now. An American kid can do anything in the world that any other kid can do.

"Why, we've got the greatest spectacle in the world in hockey. It's got to expand. Once a fellow takes his wife or sweetheart to a hockey game he's sunk. He might just as well go out and buy season tickets then and there. They're all like an Englishman I heard of, who lived only for soccer. They took him to a hockey game, and in the first period he's sitting back watching. In the next period he's on the edge of his seat, and in the third period he's telling the coach how to run the club.

"They used to say hockey was limited because there was no market in the South and West. Well, that's all changed now. I was in Jackson, Miss. when our league played two games before 6,000 people. In Jackson, Miss! We're going into Oklahoma City and all over the place. I know the game's got it made in Memphis, because I'm getting letters from women there giving me hell about the referees. At our opening this year in Memphis we sold about 5,000 seats, which is pretty good, and the way the fans acted you'd think they were playing for the Stanley Cup. And you're gonna tell me Americans don't understand hockey? Why, that's [unprintable]!"

On the West Coast, where hockey teams in Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles and San Francisco draw hysterical crowds and set new attendance records almost annually, patience with the entrenched authorities is growing short. A loud spokesman is Harry Glickman, managing director of the Portland Buckaroos and a man who does not think that promoter is a dirty word. Glickman was looking for a sport to promote when he noted that hockey's last-place Boston Bruins were outdrawing basketball's champion Boston Celtics by nearly two to one. Promptly he founded the Portland Buckaroos, and the team broke the Western Hockey League's attendance record by 100,000 in its first year. With an average attendance around 8,000, Portland continues to outdraw seven of the nine cities in the NBA, thus validating Glickman's original premise. In his wildest dreams he wonders what major league hockey would draw in Portland. And, commercial considerations aside, he thinks there are other reasons

to upgrade the Coast league to the majors. "That would make hockey a truly representative sport on the North American continent," he explained. "It's not now. It can't be, with only six cities in one so-called major league. With expansion you would improve the image of hockey. Does that sound like a glittering generality from a schoolboy idealist? Let me tell you something. Hockey doesn't have a very good image in the United States. That's why the NHL hired a guy named Fred Goehman to do public relations for the league for 50 grand.

"How many stories do you ever see on hockey in the large-circulation magazines? How much time do you ever get on TV? How many kids can rattle off the names of hockey stars? Hockey needs an image that only expansion can bring about. This is the greatest game played with players. But not enough people know about it."

Western operators like Glickman are biding their time, trying not to alienate the NHL and soft-pedaling their demands that major league hockey accept them and assist them. But underneath their policy of nonviolence an unmistakable note of threat is creeping in. As Glickman said recently, "There are owners in this league who are getting restless. They want some action, and they're even impatient to the point that some of them are willing to go it alone by going independent. That's the last thing I want to see happen, but I don't exclude it from the realm of possibility."

The specter of a hockey war like the NFL-AFL fight looms larger each year. As Molson of the Canadiens has said, "If we keep matters as they are, a new league could start on its own, and we'd have a lot of headaches. You just can't tell people forever and ever that they're gonna be minor league and there's nothing they can do about it, because there is something they can do about it. They can say, 'Well, why shouldn't we class ourselves as major league hockey? We'll just start our own league. We'll raid the NHL, we'll sign their players, we'll offer these guys a hundred thousand.' There's nothing to stop them. Then you get into lawsuits, antitrust actions and everything else. This is all a definite possibility."

Clarence Campbell and oldtimers like Conn Smythe profess to be unconcerned. "A wildcat league?" said Smythe, grin-

ing. "Not unless they're crazy. I don't know how many crazy guys there are out there on the West Coast."

Campbell discussed the threat in his usual analytical manner. "Take the teams that are operating out there now. The Victoria Hockey Club is 100% owned by the Toronto Maple Leafs. Vancouver is owned by a man who is approaching 75 years of age, a man so crippled he can't sit in the meetings and doesn't own more than two or three hockey players altogether. So let's see how far he's gonna go to war. The Seattle club is a collection of local civic leaders, and their team plays in a new building that belongs to the city. Portland and Seattle are having their most prosperous year in history. Portland is a private organization operating in a civic building. Last year they didn't draw half enough money to run a National Hockey League team and break even. It takes \$1 million a year, and they drew less than half that. In San Francisco you have the same situation, a tenant club. In Los Angeles you have a combination of a western Canada construction engineer plus Dan Reeves, who is forbidden by football's rules to spend one dollar on hockey. In fact, he was told to get the hell out of it, but he hasn't.

"Do you think any of these people are going to war? This is silly!"

Perhaps so, but there is another war that could break out, according to some experts in and out of the league, and it is one in which the NHL would find itself in a more precarious position. Old Jack Adams might have been alluding to the possibility when he lowered his voice in a recent interview and said, "The NHL's very lucky that the politicians haven't got into this. Some day one of these politicians is gonna say, 'We've got big-league towns out here, you've got to let us in.'"

Adams refused to expand his remarks, but another insider put it bluntly. "A government investigation is pretty sure to happen if the NHL doesn't expand. Some body's gonna go to the Democratic machine in California or Oregon or Washington state and say, 'We want to get into the major leagues of hockey, and they won't let us because they've got a monopoly.' Some Senator could get it started, and they've got some big Senators out there on the Coast. Morse from Oregon, or Jackson from Washington, they're pretty powerful guys. Why, those

politicians could make it goddam tough on the NHL. And it will come to that if they don't expand. Baseball got off easy in its investigation, because baseball could do no wrong in your country. But hockey would be different."

One can only wonder what a headline-hunting congressional committee would make of the NHL's methods of corraling player talent. Boys as young as 9 and 10 play on NHL-sponsored teams, wear NHL-purchased equipment, attend NHL-financed banquets and award dinners. Later they collect spending money from the NHL—which is certainly no more reprehensible than college payoffs to American athletes, except that it starts at the postdiaper stage in Canada. One result of the NHL's hold on young players has been an apparent drying up of top amateur talent. Father David Bauer, who has been entrusted with the task of building up a Canadian national team for the world championships, calls the NHL "the agent of villainy," and Conn Smythe answers by calling Father Bauer a hypocrite for going to the championships with players who have collected money from the NHL. "Shamateurs!" says the acerbic Smythe, "and he knows it." Father Bauer charges that "the NHL dominates hockey from the cradle to the grave," and Clarence Campbell answers that amateur hockey in Canada was dying of high expenses when the NHL stepped in to sponsor children's teams.

One can imagine the purple testimony rattling about the walls of a congressional committee considering charges of monopoly, or an international committee considering charges of impropriety. Deserved or not, the National Hockey League has developed a reputation as a tight little island of closefisted, inbred standpaters, with a stranglehold on a grand professional game. "The only good thing that has ever come out of a stagnant pool is penicillin," a Canadian critic has observed. "Hockey needs expansion. Not meetings in New York, not press releases, not a lot of hokum about how the poor owners might lose a few bucks if the league expanded. If they don't expand, you'll see some interesting developments. If they do expand, you'll see something even more interesting: wide-open hockey, the most exciting game there is, in places where the people deserve more than words, more than promises. This is a fine game. It can't be held down forever." **END**



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MANY-LAYERED GOLF



Each year the look of golf for the rest of the season is pretty well established by who wears what at the Crosby. The prestigious atmosphere of the Pebble Beach, Cypress Point and Monterey courses and the uncertainties of the Monterey Peninsula's weather cause pro and amateur alike to give unusual care to the selection of each day's apparel.

This year's favorite solution to the vagaries of the weather, as shown on the following pages, was a layered look—

as many as three sweaters piled over a turtleneck, a basic of apparel that golfers have borrowed from skiers. When the weather warms up, off comes a layer. Golfing colors are more conservative than they used to be. Slacks are trimmed down, and the favorite shoe is a saddle oxford. When the weather warms up—as it will this week at the Masters—the turtle-neck will be replaced by a lisle-knit open-collar shirt. The favored warmup sweater will be a cashmere cardigan or an alpaca pullover like the one worn by Bobby Nichols at right.

At Pebble Beach, Arnie Barr Sr. tees off a putt, wearing a navy Sherbrooke sweater. Others in his foursome are Pro Jim Ferrie in a white cashmere pullover, Harvey Ward Jr. in a red cashmere cardigan and PGA Champion Bobby Nichols in a wide-V-design alpaca. Ramon Underwood (above) tees off in a white pullover trimmed in navy.





These stud golf slacks that bagged and flopped in the breeze and had such superfluous details as high waistbands, ball pockets and towel loops, have gone the way of the hell-sailed cardigan. At the upper left, Amateur John Wauert, on the 16th tee at Cypress Point, wears cuffless fawn-colored corduroy with a tweed cap, navy cashmere pullover and yellow turtle-neck. Arnold Palmer (at left), in a rare tweed hat, sports a bright red V-neck, alpaca pullover with well-cut tan gabardine slacks. The threesome above on the first tee at Cypress is a study in subdued tones: Amateurs Charles de Brettesville and General Bernard Schriever in gray flannel slacks and Gardner Dickinson Jr., as conservative as Ben Hogan, in black, white and gray.

SPORTING LOOK *continued*

Black, white and gray—bankers' colors—have been adopted by golfers, who have abandoned the wild hues of the past. New Zealander Bob Charles (right) is as soberly clothed as Zorro in a black turtleneck, black cashmere V-neck sweater, black slacks and black shoes.

DRAWINGS BY HENRY KÖHLER



Ken Venturi, always conservative, wears his familiar white cap, a gray cashmere cardigan and gray slacks. His amateur partner, San Francisco Disc Jockey Jim Lange, shows by his checkered pants, black shirt, white sweater and shoes that black and white can also be jazzy.

CONTINUED

SPORTING LOOK *continued*



The golfer's turtleneck pullover, as seen at the Crosby, comes in several different models. Pro Bob Harrison (upper left) wears one of lightweight wool made by Lacoste. Amateur Bobby Knowles (above) wears a cable-knit Sherbond and teams it with a tweed hat. And Amateur Thomas J. Davis Jr. (left) is up to his chin in a high turtleneck under a gray cashmere shirt. All three golfers wear gray flannel slacks and dark shoes.

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Bill Bradley has gained one more distinction never before attained by any basketball player—colleague, high school or pro. The Princeton gem from Crystal City, Mo. is now being acclaimed underground: a room in Meramec Caverns (Mo.) has been named for him. The cavern will contain pictures of Bradley, stories written about Bradley, Bradley memorabilia and, of course, a basketball hoop.

Richard and Elizabeth Burton, the latter attired as usual in her \$6,000 anorak, came in from the cold for a midnight visit to Dublin's Jameson whiskey distillery. After several whiskeys and Irish coffees, Burton felt he could best illustrate his verbal replay of the Irish Rugby international match by getting down on the floor with an Irish newspaperman to demonstrate proper scrummaging. "Oh my God," exclaimed Liz brightly, "what's he doing now?"

There they were, Manager **Yogi Berra** and Manager **Jubany Keane** (*thru*), matched in a rerun of the world championship. You knew it was going to be a tough series from the moment the umpire yelled "Play ball!" The National and Amer-

ican League bowling all-stars were evenly matched, but managerial form prevailed. The result: Keane's all-stars 137, Berra's 134. The individual champion and winner of the Fred Hutchinson Memorial Award was, appropriately, the late Cincinnati manager's star outfielder, **Frank Robinson**.

The last time he came west, **William Warren Scrantom** made the mistake of making his run in public and ended up with a sad little grin on his face. Changing tactics and opportunely this time, Governor Scrantom tackled the slopes at Alta, Utah, in secret. Aided by careful preparation, heavy snowsuits and an uninterested press, Scrantom and family remained mostly incognito. There was only one lapse: Son Joe, aged 15, nearly spoiled the whole scheme by finishing second in a giant slalom.

Further Finley help: While the Kansas City A's train at Bradenton in deep dread of Opening Day, their mule mascot—prospective mount of Owner **Charles O. Finley**—is getting his own spring training. Finley has sent the mule to a fancy Kansas City riding academy, where he is being taught to take bows.

Paul (The Waiter) **Ricca**, elder statesman of the Chicago racket, displayed more gambling zeal than sports knowledgeability as a U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service hearing seeking evidence to deport him. Questioned about his 1962 tax returns, the Syndicate magnate testified that he won \$25,000 by betting on Floyd Patterson against Sonny Liston. "It was my recollection that Liston won that fight," said the inquiry officer sweetly. "Well," shrugged Ricca's lawyer, "then the World Series or Liston or whoever it was he bet on."

Two football players, always a clannish lot, perfected a new extreme in that trait last week,

Raider fullback **Alan Miller**, returning to Oakland after a year's retirement, had to sell his 10-room house in Sudbury, Mass. You might say the fellows kept it in the lodge. Boston Patriot Guard **Charles Long** bought the house, Patriot Safetyman **Russ O'Hanley** handled mortgaging through his new employer, the Commonwealth National Bank; former teammate **Gerry Delucca** took care of the moving.

Bobby Kennedy needed a lot of help to get to the top of that mountain, and Bobby is not the kind to forget or forgive such an embarrassment. He brought mountain-climbing professionals **Jim Whitaker** and **Harry Prather** home to Washington and saved the Kennedy household on them. Predictably, Whitaker and Prather went down to ignominious defeat under the onslaught of Ethel, nine children and an indeterminate number of miscellaneous four-legged pets. In the morning Whitaker lost to Ethel Kennedy at tennis. In the afternoon he and Prather succumbed to the Kennedys in touch—nobody said how hard—football. After three days as guests in the Kennedy ménage, both were stiff, muscle-cramped,

elbow-knocked and sore of shoulder and shin. "Kennedy's got a houseful of built-in exercisers that turn off only to eat and sleep," sighed Whitaker. "I'm heading for the mountains to rebuild my ego."

The **Duchess of Windsor** (*thru*), already owner of four pugs, shopped at the Pug Dog Club show in London, hoping to find still another. "I wanted to buy a bitch," the Duchess said, "but I suppose it would not be wise to upset my old boys."

When **Pierre Salinger**, the late President's press secretary, ran for Senator last fall, he did not rely entirely on impressing Californians with his key role in Cuban crisis policy decisions. One of his other promotional gimmicks was a Salinger for Senator bowling team in San Francisco's 921 Classic League. Salinger lost, but the Salinger for Senator bowlers, somewhat embarrassingly, bowled off more embarrassingly. They kept winning—until the one that really counted. Last week—exactly five months after election day—the Salingers for Senator lost the championship to the Parish Bakery. Unlucky Pierre was notably absent.





An eleventh-hour victory at 3 a.m.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning when the two teams remaining in the Vanderbilt Cup picked up their cards in the final deal (*below*). The difference in scores was a single International Match Point, and so it was virtually certain that this last of 36 hands would be decisive.

Competition for the championship had begun eight days before, with 70 teams in the field, including many of the biggest names in bridge. They had come to Cleveland for the American Contract Bridge League's Spring Nationals, six major championships of which the most important is the Vanderbilt. To the winning team goes the huge silver cup donated by Harold Vanderbilt, but most important, to both the winners and the runners-up goes the right to compete in the International Team Trials.

The two teams in the finals were captained by Oswald Jacoby and Robert Jordan. Jacoby, who is 63, had won his first Vanderbilt in 1931, when Jordan was 4. In all, Jacoby had won the cup six times, Jordan once.

Each team had lost once in reaching the finals (it takes

two losses to be eliminated). The Jordan team—Jordan, Arthur Robinson, Norman Kay, Edgar Kaplan, George Rapee and Boris Keytchou—had been upset early in the week by a dark-horse Canadian team. The Jacobys—Ozzie and his son Jim, Dr. John Fisher, Phil Feldesman, Ira Rubin and Albert (Dungy) Weiss—had lost their first match that afternoon to Jordan.

In the first half of the critical last match, the Jacoby team opened up a large lead, but the Jordan team rallied to close the deficit. And so as the last board was played in the open room—the players in the closed room had already finished—the Jacoby team led by a single IMP, although the players themselves were unaware of it.

In the closed room Jim Jacoby had opened an unorthodox no trump with the South hand. Robinson (West) had overcalled two spades. Jacoby's partner, Dr. Fisher, bid three hearts, and when Jordan passed, Jacoby went to three no trump. Robinson led a diamond, and the contract was down two for minus 200.

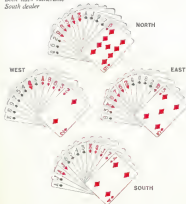
In the open room the bidding began the same way: Kaplan opened one no trump and Rubin overcalled two spades. But Kay, instead of bidding three hearts, doubled—an excellent call. While the spectators—including Oswald Jacoby, who had benched himself for the final session—paced the floor nervously, Kaplan considered the double. Spectators could see that if he passed, the contract would be down and the Jordan team would gain at least nine IMPs and victory in the Vanderbilt. But Kaplan bid three no trump.

Again: a spade opening. Kaplan took the only reasonable chance of making the contract, playing West for the king-queen of clubs and East for the ace of diamonds. He won the jack of spades, led a club to the king and ace and returned dummy's diamond 9. East played the 10 and West smoothly ducked declarer's king. Kaplan had no choice but to lead another club, and the hand collapsed.

Suppose Kaplan had not pulled out of the two-spade double. North opens the 9 of diamonds, covered by the 10 and jack. If West wins and returns the suit, South plays the ace and jack of spades, declarer goes down one or two, and the Jordan team wins the match. But Kaplan still feels he did the right thing and, since two spades can be made against anything less than topnotch defense, we are inclined to agree. And you certainly won't hear any arguments from Oswald Jacoby.

END

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



Please, please, Ed Spiezio, won't you please pop up?

The St. Louis Cardinals would like to send their rookie third baseman to Jacksonville, but the little rascal won't stop hitting

It is customary for major league teams to invite their most promising young players to frolic with the established stars for a few weeks at spring training each year. Nothing is supposed to come of it. The young fellows shake hands all around, play a few innings late in the practice games when the regulars feel in need of a cool shower and soon pack their bags and depart with a pat on the back for a summer of minor league tutelage.

This spring the world champion St. Louis Cardinals issued such an invitation to Edward Wayne Spiezio, a little curly-haired third baseman who smiles a lot and is properly awed by his temporary high status. But, while Spiezio is a pleasant fellow, pays close attention to advice from his elders, runs when his coaches tell him to run, shags flies dutifully during batting practice and is generally a model of deportment, the Cardinals have been genuinely embarrassed by his presence. They don't know quite what to do about him. With just a year and a half of professional experience behind him, Spiezio should be assigned this season to the St. Louis farm club in Jacksonville. Obviously, the Cardinals are in no great need of a third baseman, since Ken Boyer plays there for them and Boyer happens to be the Most Valuable Player in the National League. Fine, but Ed Spiezio has strong, quick wrists, a steady eye, unusual and unwavering confidence—and he will not stop hitting. When a rookie manages to hit at a .300 or .400 clip, even in spring training, it is admir-

able. When he hits .500, it bears close watching. When he hits over .600, it defies reason—and Ed Spiezio is proving himself the most unreasonable rookie the Cardinals have had to contend with since that fellow with the strange crouch named Stan Musial came to camp a quarter of a century ago.

There has been, for the Cardinals, a frustrating succession of line-drive base hits in Spiezio's assortment of at bats this spring. As Cardinal General Manager Bob Howsam said the other day: "How are you going to tell a young fellow he needs to learn more about his trade when nobody can get him out?" That is why the Cardinals squirm whenever they are asked what is to become of Ed Spiezio. "He should play every day," says Manager Red Schoendienst, who, with clear logic, sees little chance of Spiezio doing that with St. Louis this year. Beyond Boyer the Cardinals have proven players in almost every position, and no hotshot rookie with a big bat is going to rock a championship boat.

If Spiezio would pop up or strike out occasionally—not consistently, but enough so that the Cardinals could justifiably send him off to Jacksonville, where he could learn to play in the outfield—there would be no problems. But Spiezio won't do that. Every time he gets to the point where he looks unready—line drive!

The least surprised of anyone at this hitting is Ed Spiezio's father. It is exactly what he had in mind 23 years ago in Joliet, Ill., when Edward Wayne Spiezio

was born. A steelworker by trade and a ballplayer by inclination and semipro participation, Ed Spiezio the elder early saw to it that his son had the best glove money could buy. At an alarmingly young age the boy, protected by a catcher's mask, was placed on the edge of the infield, and the father hit grounders at him as hard as he could. But even more important was a daily two-hour session in the batting cage, where, as Ed Senior pitched to Ed Junior, a running critique would be given on style, form and determination. "Coil like a snake," his father urged, "then, when the ball is close, explode." When young Ed was not actually exploding at a ball, he was preparing to do so by lifting weights, quaffing huge quantities of Ovaltine and studying such practitioners of the art as Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio and Stan Musial. It did not seem to matter where Spiezio played—Pony League, Little League, high school or college (his father insisted that a degree was just as important as a major league contract)—he led it in hitting.

"I always had the idea I'd be a pretty good hitter," said Spiezio, and when his younger brother Gary found it impossible to throw a sock stuffed with something hard past him from close range—"and, man, he'd really throw it"—he jolly well knew he was a good hitter. Three years ago, after Spiezio was named the most valuable player in the NAIA small-college tournament in St. Joseph, Mo., where he hit .400 for Lewis College, Cardinal Scout Joe Monahan decided that the curlyheaded little rascal would look very good with a Redbird on his chest and signed him for \$25,000.

As was to be expected, Spiezio was assigned to the most minor of minor league teams, in Brunswick, Ga., as a starter. In the first week he hit four home runs, and the Cardinals said, "Enough of that," and sent him to Tulsa, where he distinguished himself by striking out three times in his first game. The Tulsa front office was horrified, they did not take into account that he had driven all night from Georgia.

But Tulsa's manager, Grover Reisinger, was more impressed with the snap in Spiezio's wrists than with the fact that he did not hit the ball, and the next day, when Spiezio hit a home run, the muttering in the front office stopped. Not that there were no minor flaws for Reisinger to work on. Spiezio was unsure of

himself at third base, and at bat he had a great urge to pull every pitch down the third-base line. "I thought hitting to right field was cheating," Spiezio says. Eventually he got the hang of fielding his position, and Resinger convinced him that it was perfectly honorable to hit to right and, in fact, some of the very best people—Oick Groat, Hank Aaron, Mickey Mantle—did it quite often.

From then on it was just a question of how high Spiezio's batting average would climb. Last year it got to the .360 level before the Cardinals told him to come on up and help with their stretch drive. Once again it was an all-night trip and, in Busch Stadium, Spiezio was about to fall sound asleep in the grandstand when Schoendienst, then a coach, spotted him and told him to suit up. Late in the game Manager Johnny Keane told the new man to grab a bat and see what he could do. "I could grab a bat, all right," says Spiezio, "but I couldn't stop my knees from knocking together." Any number of established hitters find it hard enough to hit Pirate Pitcher Elroy Face's fork ball in the best of circumstances, so Spiezio was quite excited when he managed to drive a soft fly to center field.

It took two more tries before Spiezio's knees stopped shaking, but for the rest of the season he got four hits in nine attempts, and two of the outs were line drives.

Such fine form made it certain that Spiezio would be invited to St. Petersburg this spring, but there was no doubt what the Cardinals had in mind for him for the coming season. "SPIEZIO GOING TO JACKSONVILLE was what I kept reading in the papers," he remembers, "and I thought they were probably right. But I also thought I would make them remember me for next year. I wasn't thinking in terms of hitting .300. It was more like .600."

The first week of spring training was devoted almost exclusively to conditioning exercises, and it is hard to distinguish yourself doing sit-ups. Spiezio soothed his impatience by swinging a weighted bat in the living room of the house he rented in St. Petersburg and occasionally taking snapshots of his infant daughter, Debbie.

Eventually Spiezio got his chance to bat in an exhibition game, and what should he see but a big, fat, hanging curve. "I kept thinking, wait for it, wait

for it—and I didn't. I struck out, and I thought I'd better get back to the batting cage. I don't strike out often and when I do, boy, it makes me mad."

Grover Resinger, who was helping out in the Cardinal camp, watched Spiezio take his practice swings and frowned. "Ed," he told him, "you're not crouching and exploding at the pitch the way you used to." Spiezio says, "Of course. That was it. Spring like a snake. It all came back, and I knew I was the master again. I didn't care what pitcher it was or what pitch he threw me. I was going to hit it." Dennis Ribant of the Mets threw a fast ball, and Spiezio hit it for a single. The next day the Red's Bill Henry tried a curve, and Spiezio hit *that* for a single. Two days later three Pirate pitchers tried an assortment of pitches, and Spiezio tripled off the center-field fence, doubled off the right-field fence and lined a single

to left. "Hey, baby," said Cardinal Outfielder Carl Warwick, "are you really human?"

The Cardinals, by then, had some serious doubts. But last week, in the first game between the Cardinals and the Yankees since the World Series, Spiezio came to bat in the seventh inning and meekly popped up. The Cardinal brain trust let out a heartfelt sigh of relief. But the Yankees, who don't care about the Cardinals' problems, tied the score, and Spiezio got another chance in the ninth. Pity. With his weight heavily on his back foot, Spiezio waited until the last second before springing like a snake at Bill Stafford's fast ball, and oops, he did it again. The ball came back to earth well over the left-fielder's head some 430 feet away. Spiezio had a triple, and the Cardinals won the ball game. "Shoe," said Red Schoendienst.

END



COIL LIKE A SNAKE, ED SPIEZIO'S FATHER ALWAYS TOLD HIM, AND THEN EXPLODE

A LONG TRIP

continued from page 33

him as the Kentucky Derby favorite, but the week's action involving other colts brought mixed results. Jacinto was going to make the Gotham his first cutting since he was soundly walloped by Lucky Debonair in the Santa Anita Derby on March 6. (In that race, incidentally, one excuse offered for Jacinto's startling defeat was that three days prior he had "run off" with his exercise boy and was clocked for three-quarters in 1:09.4 5 instead of a leisurely 1:12.) But snow fell on New York early Friday morning, the day before the Gotham, and out at Belmont Park, where Jim Maloney stables the horses he trains for William H. Perry, Jacinto was being readied for a long, slow gallop. "This colt has big feet that are more concave than flat," Maloney said, "so we greased them to keep the snow from packing in. It didn't do the trick, because he knuckled over—almost stumbling—a few times, and when he came back we found snowballs four or five inches deep in his feet." With the snow packed down

hard in there, Owner Perry figured, "it must have been like a man trying to walk on stilts. Jacinto pulled himself a hit, with the result that his right ankle filled slightly."

X rays were taken of the ankle, but they turned up nothing, and 24 hours after this minor injury Jacinto was his normal self. "If this had been any horse other than our Derby contender," said Maloney, "we would have run him in the Gotham." Jacinto was scheduled to ship to Kentucky's Keeneland track this week and probably will be seen next in the April 15 Fore-runner, a seven-furlong prep for the April 22 Blue Grass Stakes.

In either of those races, or both, he can expect to meet archrival Lucky Debonair, who fled to Derbyland from Laurel when Trainer Frank Catrone decided the Maryland "spring" weather was delaying his colt's workouts and, in some instances, making them downright hazardous. Lucky Debonair has done nothing of a serious nature for some time. If he is still to be considered the strong Derby

contender that he indicated he might be a month ago in California, he will have to make a mighty impressive showing at Keeneland.

With the absence of Bold Lad and Jacinto detracting from the importance of the Gotham, the race went, almost by elimination, to one of the three Hirsch Jacobs-trained colts. Off his victory in the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie, Isle of Greece looked like the best of the three. But both he and one of his stablemates, Turn to Reason, came up with shun trouble during the race, and that left things up to the third part of the entry, Flag Raiser. He broke on top under Jockey Bobby Ussery and simply stayed there to win by four lengths in the moderately good time of 1:36 3 5. Flag Raiser had been badly beaten by Sparkling Johnny and Had to All in stakes at Hialeah in February but has always turned in his best showings at Aqueduct. If he looked good in the Gotham, it was simply because he had things all his own way, none of the other six horses elected to contest



Old Spice —with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!

the early lead. When something does run with him—which will certainly happen in the mile-and-an-eighth Wood Memorial on April 17—the chances are that Flag Raiser will not look anything like such a strong Derby contender.

Of those beaten in the Gotham, the most impressive was Ogden Phipps's Dapper Dan, who came from next to last to finish second. Had he not been stopped at the three-eighths pole by a tiring Wrong Card, Baeza might have gotten Dapper Dan through and into a more challenging role. He is a son of Ribot and probably will like his races better when the distances stretch out. The same applies to Raymond Guest's Ribot colt, Tom Rolfe. After being beaten nine and a half lengths at seven furlongs by Flag Raiser at Aqueduct on March 24, Tom Rolfe was at Laurel last week and won rather easily at a mile in preparation for this week's mile-and-a-sixteenth Chesapeake. He beat nothing of proven class, but his time of 1:38 3/5 was the best of the meeting, and he finished with the

kind of kick that augurs well for the future.

It was hardly a surprise that Native Charger won the Florida Derby. He had beaten his chief challengers with reasonable authority in the Flamingo, and there seemed to be no reason for him not to do it again. The trouble with Native Charger may well be the same thing that often affected his daddy, Native Dancer: he never wins by more than is necessary, and he thereby makes his victories appear more difficult than they actually are.

If anybody had difficulty in this Florida Derby, it was Native Charger. He is not happy about going into the gate, and can be persuaded only by the use of a hood that blindfolds him. But last week it was not going into the gate that upset the big gray half as much as leaving it. Breaking from the outside under Jockey Johnny Rotz, he stumbled badly and nearly went to his knees. Rotz barely hung on until the colt managed to get back into full stride. After that it was a

question of taking the long way around to beat Hail to All by a neck. Sparkling Johnny, whose scruffy front legs show the wear and tear of seven tough winter races, was an unimpressive fifth. And still another son of Ribot, this one named Maribeu, came up with sore shins the day before the Gulfstream race and failed to start.

With the Derby now only three weeks away, hardly anything about the race is clear. Greentree Stable, for example, may unveil O'Hara, a son of Ballymoss, in time for the Wood but, as Trainer John Gaver puts it, "that race in Louisville is coming up a little too soon for Gorton or New Act." It could be too soon, at that, for many of the 130 nominees, but it is also too late for many more. Hirsch Jacobs, who nominated six for the Derby, may have hit it just about right when he said the other day, "Well, at least I have numbers even if I don't know all about their quality yet. In this kind of year may be it's just numbers a trainer wants most."

END

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SVENGALI

(Continued from page 10)

flash of savagery. He hurled the shorter, stockier Stubbe (pronounced stublay) into the ropes and pounded him for a few seconds. Then Grdflath went back under cover and, despite screamed commands from his corner, seldom used his right. There was a lot of wrestling and grabbing and belling about, but it was not a satisfactory fight. When Torres and Pastrano came into the ring, the crowd was whetted and ready.

A Puerto Rican trio called Los Antares sang *La Borinquena*, the Puerto Rican anthem, which has the sound of a lament, while Torres stood at respectful attention. Pastrano, meanwhile, was sweating heavily and seemed nervous. The odds had dropped to even money shortly before the fight. That was enough to worry the champion's handlers, who had tried to deny the importance of Torres' one-round knockout of Bobo Olson in November. Torres had been an almost untested fighter who had earned less than \$60,000 in six years. His friend and backer, Real Estate Dealer Cam Young, had put up \$100,000 in cash and a guarantee to get Pastrano into the ring with Torres, who got a mere \$10,000. But if his handlers thought it would be an easy pay night, Pastrano, from the look on his face, did not agree.

Torres, scoring with two good left hooks in the first round, bloodied Pastrano's nose. In the second Pastrano's right cheek became bruised and red. In the third Torres slammed a hard right hook to the kidney, and Pastrano glanced at his corner in what appeared to be surprise at Torres' speed and power. Early in the sixth round Pastrano nursed with a combination and wrung his hands in disgust. They clinched. As they came out of the embrace Torres opened up with the bombing that dropped his man. In the eighth Pastrano's trainer, Lou Gross, yelled: "Fight back, Willie!" Pastrano looked at Gross and shook his head as if to say, "Why don't you try it?" In the ninth Pastrano covered and held and survived on craft, and one judge even gave Pastrano the round.

Then it happened. LoBianco walked over to Pastrano's corner and spoke softly, and the fight was over. Sitting on his stool, Pastrano wept. Torres began leaping up and down, the Puerto Ricans shouted *¡Viva!* Gross yelled that this was all illegal, a dandy light started in an aisle near ringside and Jose Torres only two years after he was knocked

out by Florentino Fernandez was the new light heavyweight champion.

One of the last men into the ring to hug Torres was Novelist Norman Mailer. Novelists feel an affinity for boxers. Both jobs, if done seriously, require more than the ordinary amount of courage and must be performed alone and utterly exposed. In the aisles streamed a yelling, jostling mob of Puerto Ricans. It was like the old days. Torres was the king of Spanish Harlem again. The mob got him and lifted him clumsily, heaving him up sideways so that he lay on their shoulders, and they patted him and slapped him and rubbed his head. They all wanted to touch him. For the first time that night Torres looked frightened.

Pastrano had no such crowd problem, except with doctors. Three of them examined him before he showered and put on black slacks and a blue shirt. "I was horrible tonight," he said. "Everything I did was wrong, and everything he did was right. My legs weren't there. I could never get moving. I don't know that I would like to fight again. When a man takes a beating like I did tonight, he has to wait a long time before he thinks about fighting again." Pastrano's wife came in, and he said, "Don't worry, honey, I'm all right." Torres' left hook to the liver had paralyzed his right leg for a while. Whether Pastrano was ready all right was something he would have to reflect on.

The writers immediately began saying Pastrano was washed up. That is not likely. He was, and still is, a very good fighter. But, despite complaints by his manager, Angelo Dundee, and Gross, Pastrano said he thought LoBianco had done the proper thing in stopping the fight, and that is not the way a man usually talks when he is eager to box again.

Torres, though, was talking about fighting anybody who would stand in front of him—Hollywood Patterson, Joey Giardello, Cassius Clay, anybody. "We want that Mohammed Ali!" shouted someone in his dressing room. Offers were pouring in: an appearance on the Ed Sullivan show with Los Antares, his own radio show, guest spots all over the place. Although it was not revealed until later, Torres had already signed with Chris Dundee, Angelo's brother, to have his next fight under Dundee promotion, and the patient Cam Young had put \$25,000 in escrow to guarantee the contract. Wayne Thornton, Harold John-

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son, Gregorio Peralta and Pastrano are possible opponents. The World Boxing Association has threatened to remove Torres' championship if he has a return match with Pastrano, but nobody bothers about what the World Boxing Association removes.

It was not the moment for Torres to bother about anything. Not long ago he had had to borrow money to furnish his house, and now he was champion and the money would be coming in. Torres got dressed and led his followers into Toots Shor's, where some of them were banished to the lobby because they were not wearing neckties. Then at 2:45 a.m. Torres arrived at the celebration—a party in his honor at Maier's Brooklyn Heights apartment.

It was a curiously mixed group to be toasting a fighter: James Baldwin, Ben Gazzara, Leslie Fiedler, George Plimpton, Senator Jacob Javits, Archie Moore, Sandy Sandler, a girl in hip boots, a combo, hundreds of people. A few of them recognized Torres when he came in. "But who is he?" one woman kept saying. Book critics, columnists, actresses, musicians, saloonkeepers, assorted editors and writers, they flocked around the two bars and looked out at the magnificent view from Maier's living room across the East River to the lights of lower Manhattan, and occasionally somebody saw Torres. Some of the new champion's followers sat in a corner and waited for the next night's party in Spanish Harlem, but others were swept into the action, and it was a fine night.

"I am the champion of the world," Torres said, "and it is for all the Puerto Rican people. When a Puerto Rican shoots somebody, they say it is a reflection of Puerto Rico. I am the champion, and that's a reflection, too. Nobody can say anymore that I only fight bunnies. I am the champion!"

Young smiled. His \$100,000 was safe, and his friend had got where he wanted him to be. "I am not a gambler, and this was not a gamble," Young said. "I was prepared to lose \$50,000 if necessary, but I was sure José would win. It will be great now." Madison Square Garden promoters could have been smiling, too. With what is undoubtedly a boxing revival going on, Torres is a good man to keep it going. He is a puncher. Everybody likes a puncher, and New York has 700,000 Puerto Ricans.

END

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THE NUMBER TWO LION IN THE LAND OF SHEBA

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

In Ethiopia only His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I, King of Kings and Conquering Lion of Judah, is more celebrated than the splendid Abebe Bikila, Olympic hero and the world's best marathon runner

The treasures of a pack rat recently emerged from Ethiopia are scattered here at my elbow by the typewriter. They are loosely tied together in my mind, but I am certain that in context they will diminish in significance. There are two copies of the six-page *Ethiopian Herald*. There is a Christmas card from Donald C. Sazima describing *gemma*, an Ethiopian outdoor game played with ball and crooked stick. "*Gemma*," it reads, "means Christmas." On an airmail envelope, courtesy of the Ethiopia Hotel of Addis Ababa, are scribbled two important telephone numbers without further identification and a phonetic spelling of the Amharic *nech ferenge*, which means, in the derogatory sense, "white foreigner," and a truncated quote, "something precious," which is underlined three times. I remember it as relating to a tribute to Abebe Bikila. Torn from an Ethiopian magazine is a picture story of Abebe and his handsome family, the text pretty much divided between the writer's lamentation on having been stood up by Bikila and his panegyric on what a great, unaffected man Bikila really is.

Also among these hoardings is a touring map of Ethiopia, directing attention to the hippos around Lake Tana, the crocodiles along the Blue Nile in Gojjam, the leopards of Kaffa, the lions of Bale and the wild elephants of Ilubabor and Harar. The map is red-lined with roads that hold up in the rainy season; the others, the vast majority, presumably do not. The map was a gift from "new" Blue Omo, "for the whitest wash in the world." Ethiopia now

has television, and it is easy to foresee a day when Blue Omo takes unto itself the task of supplying Addis housewives with everyday, run-of-the-suds drama.

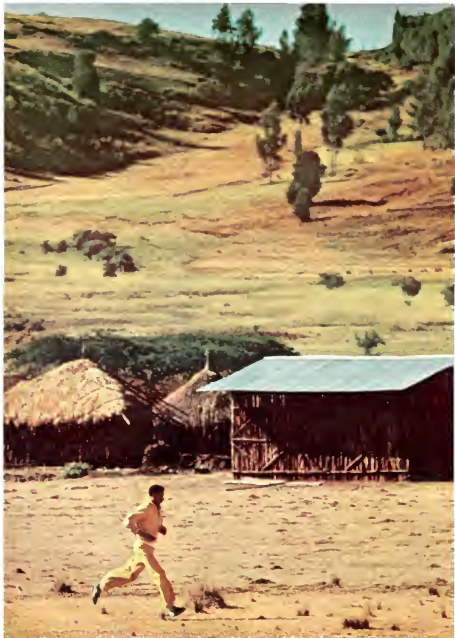
The net worth of these pieces, together with a rare Menelik II silver coin which, through persistent bargaining, I was able to get in the old market of Addis for four times its value, is prizable, to be sure, and in the end probably serves little as a fact-finding pool on the marathon runner Abebe Bikila, twice an Olympic champion. If they point out the sharp contrasts of the world that produced Bikila, that is good, but it is easy to draw contrasts. Ethiopia in this respect is no different from any other place being alloyed by the 20th century. For example, on a cold morning when I ran (that is, he ran and I rode ahead) with Bikila there were women wrapped in muslin *chawwas* and *kemis*, implacable in their progress, unburied or unmoved by the beeping horn, padding barefoot along the road in the semidarkness. Every now and then we came upon men standing and sharing out from doorways or leaning against mud houses, men wrapped in huge brown tentlike coverings—U.S. Army salvage winter overcoats.

But the item that is uppermost in any recollection of Abebe Bikila's world is not among these mementos, because it has to do with so illusive a thing as

continued

Ex-Private Bikila, elegant in the full-dress uniform of a lieutenant as he stands watch over a chained royal lion and the palace pavilion, is proud of his rise from boyhood poverty.





the sensitivity of the place—it is the sensitivity that impresses, that jars, from the beginning. Imagine being cast from sleep into a live orchestra pit where all the plinks and toots are sharply defined, never muted. That is what Ethiopia is like. It is a world of vivid colors and no shadings, where casual words and acts are quarry for incisive interpretation.

We had passed a pleasant trap skipping from Madrid to Rome to Athens to Cairo to Khartoum when—halfway from Khartoum to Addis Ababa, looking directly down on the beautiful beginnings of the Ethiopian escarpment—one of the stewardesses on the Ethiopian Airlines jet, a dark, straight-backed girl with glistening teeth, a sharp, thin nose and swept-back hair, noticed that I was reading a *Time* magazine account of Queen Elizabeth's visit. "That magazine tells nothing but lies about Ethiopia," she said, inserting a tray of hors d'oeuvres in my line of vision. "It is a waste to read. Here, have a snack."

I asked if she would please point out the heresies so that I might better understand her sudden pique. "There," she said, "that part about the Emperor rolling out red carpets. Our Emperor does not roll out carpets for anyone." I remarked on her good English but begged to point out that she had run afoul of a figure of speech, that what *Time* was really saying was that His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Elect of God, King of Kings, knows how to show a visiting dignitary a royal time or two.

"I do not know this figure of speech," said the stewardess. Her eyes narrowed. "But what of the dust on our planes? It is a slander to say the Queen traveled on a dusty plane. Look at our plane. Is it not as clean as any other? That is a lie about the dust."

I reread the passage. "Plain. P-l-a-i-n. It is the dusty plain out beyond the city. All plains are dusty, even in America."

She pouted as I worked pâté into a wafer. It was a day later that I discovered the source of her indignation. Bubbling up from the front and fifth pages of a week-old *Ethiopian Herald* was a passionate, colorful, hyperbolic essay: "Time And Time Again, *Time* Is Caught Lying." After some exposure you come to admire *The Ethiopian Herald* for its nail-on-the-head journalism. One day there was a picture of a truck, wheels up in a ditch, cleanly stricken. Under it, this: "Try to foresee the possibilities." *The Herald* is government-controlled, as are all the news dispensers of Ethiopia. The government, quite reasonably, is sensitive to its public image. This has been particularly true since the abortive coup d'état of 1960, which was a manifest reaction to the country's painstaking emergence into the 20th century. (The illiteracy rate of Ethiopia's 20

million still runs close to 90%.) Censors are especially sensitive, therefore, to any perils to imperial authority, despite the great international popularity of H.I.M. Haile Selassie. A literary friend who resides in Addis swears that in the Ethiopian version of *Julius Caesar* it is Brutus who is done away with.

Back again, the stewardess proffered a platter of gum to carry us through the descent into Addis and asked, "Why have you come to Ethiopia?" The hostility had vanished. Rapport was on the way to being restored.

"I have come to see Abebe Bikila in his natural state," I said. "Do you know Abebe Bikila?"

"Oh, yes, the champion runner of the Olympics. A wonderful person. Everyone knows Abebe. If you write of him, do not write lies. The truth is much better." She smiled handsomely. There is a bachelor I know who says that while living in Ethiopia he became convinced that misogyny was not a practicable conviction. Addis (the Ababa is dropped by intimates) is not just in Ethiopia, it is more the very heart, languishing in the thin air 8,100 feet above a sea most Ethiopians have not viewed. Once the best way to get there was by toy train from Djibuti on the Red Sea, a 500-mile trip that took three days because Somali and Danakil marauders made night riding a hazard. But that was long ago. You can get there today, too, by overland truck from Nairobi or by mule caravan—camels do poorly at that altitude. Mussolini made it in 1936 with mechanized war equipment, though the mountaintops are an intimidation. But it was pretty much left to Ethiopian Airlines to really open up the country. A case in point: isolated Ethiopia did not have an entry in an Olympiad prior to 1956. A respectable team of 12 flew to Tokyo last fall.

There is, of course, a good possibility—a likelihood—that if you just wanted to see Abebe Bikila you could wait where you are and he would eventually come running to you, for he has been sent great distances—to Prague, to Berlin, to San Sebastian, to Rio, Rome, New York, Tokyo—to run great lengths for the glory of Ethiopia in the six years of his competitive life. He will, in fact, run this month from New York City's fashionable East Side to the opening-day ceremonies at the World's Fair in Flushing 13 miles away.

But it is only in Addis that Abebe Bikila takes on full dimension, because for all his success he has remained, enigmatically, a shadowy, remote figure, speaking only his native Amharic, vaguely remembered for having won in Rome in 1960 in bare feet, for being a palace guard of Haile Selassie and for being mixed up somehow in the plot to overthrow Selassie in 1960. In Tokyo he ran the fastest marathon ever (26 miles 385 yards in 2:12:11.2) and did calisthenics on the infield grass of National Stadium while defeated opponents were being carried away on stretchers. Even at this supreme moment his name was recorded

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN SELB

In the early-morning sunlight brightly clad Bikila, who runs up to 20 miles a day, sweeps effortlessly past a farm in the spectacular Ethiopian countryside north of Addis Ababa.

backward ("Bikila Abebe") in the official Olympic results.

A pleasant German woman helped Photographer Brian Seed and me through customs at the bright new Haile Selassie I Airport. She said that a rich experience awaited us—Addis Ababa—and that caution was applicable only in three areas: oversteering ("You must not spoil these people with your self-conscious tipping"), smuggling out monkey skins and talking about the coup of 1960. I told her I had to talk about the coup sooner or later, because when Bikila won the Olympic marathon in Tokyo every newsman there had a different version of his involvement. "Then be discreet," she said. She expressed concern over our project. "They tell me Abebe Bikila is very difficult, very difficult," she said. She put her forefinger to her nose and pushed up.

By request, on the ride to the hotel, our driver made a circuit of Addis, pausing for glimpses of the creamy-sandstone Jubilee Palace of Haile Selassie, unpretentious, ramshackle, richly landscaped; St. George's Cathedral, Trinity Church and Bet Mariam Church (the Ethiopians were Christian before the English); the imperial lion cages; the \$3 million stone, glass and marble Africa Hall, "showplace of African unity"; the University College; the old market where you go to bargain for everything for the home from six-inch hot peppers to Galla warrior shields.

Addis Ababa, Amharic for "new flower," is a city swollen with 450,000 people, the capital of Ethiopia since 1889 and now headquarters of the Organization of African Unity. It sprawls out over 30 square miles and despite the gallantiauffry of stark new buildings and stately old ones it is still mostly mud huts under corrugated iron roofs, huddled together and out of plumb. The rainy season takes care of the sanitation. The heavy odor of eucalyptus acts as a perfume. It is an ugly town, ugly as Hoboken, N.J. or Lowell, Mass. What had one of the stewardesses said? "Addis is not the beauty of Ethiopia; the beauty is in the country, the mountains and the lakes. You must go into the country."

For a while we followed an open truck on which rode a lion uncaged, shakily trying to keep its footing. There were new cars and sparkling Mobil stations and barefooted farmers laughing and beating the ground with their sticks as they ran behind laden donkeys heading for market. Everywhere there were people, people in jodhpurs and burmeses, muslim shawls and hant, Schaffner & Marx business suits, milling and walking and standing and staring. The crowds kept the driver pressed to his horn but never slowed him down. Here is a riddle: Does an Addis Ababan blow his horn constantly because of the pedestrian's indifference, or is the pedestrian indifferent because the driver blows his horn constantly? In either case it is a good-natured struggle.

Addis plainly knows how to appreciate an emperor—we had come in at Haile Selassie I Airport, had passed through Haile Selassie I Star Square, down H.S. I Avenue, and now we were at H.S. I Hospital. The driver said that wasn't the half of it. There is also H.S. I Theater, H.S. I University and H.S. I Stadium, Welfare Trust, Foundation, Day School and Secondary School. The driver said he would not

mind the adoration so much if the bureaucrats in the government would stop taking all the money and spread a little around to the people. Remembering to be discreet, I suggested that money wasn't everything. He said it sure as hell was when you weren't getting your share, and if some did not begin to filter down pretty soon there were still enough intellectual radicals around to get another revolution going.

Photographer Seed had his head out the back window pretending not to hear but, as a diversion, he ducked back in quickly and asked why no buildings had been named for Abebe Bikila, who by any criterion was the most famous nonpolitical hero in all of Ethiopian history. "Maybe they will someday," said the driver, successfully diverted. "When Abebe is older. He is much respected."

At the modern, Western-style Ethiopia Hotel we were joined by a young American itinerant named Peter Rand who was doing a book on Africa. I told him there seemed to be an uncommon lot of Europeans in Ethiopia. He said there were a lot of Americans in Ethiopia, including 550 with the Peace Corps trying to do the work of 5,000. He said as a rule of thumb you could tell the Peace Corps by their idealistic white tennis shoes.

Rand had made preliminary contact with Abebe. "Protocol," he said. "The first thing you must etch in your mind is protocol. You do not just ring him up and say, 'Abebe, baby, here we are!' There are channels. He is a lieutenant in the Imperial Bodyguard, and the Bodyguard is very big. I think you'll find him cooperative and interesting. A little reserved, but that is partly the language difference. He is very intense."

"The first thing to do now is to go see his coach, Onni Niskanen. Abebe loves him. Niskanen was a major in the Swedish army. Still holds his rank, I think. Anyway, the major said Abebe might be at his house for a sauna bath and massage at 5. He has the only sauna in town and Abebe comes twice a week. Maybe we can all have a sauna."

The naming of streets, together with their paving, is a casual thing in Addis, not meant to mollify coddle explorers. Specific directions are required. Niskanen, said Rand, had told him his house was left at the first corner from the German embassy. There would be a name in capital letters—NISKANEN—on the fence. "All the better homes have fences or walls and a guard at the gate," Rand explained. "Petty larceny is not uncommon in modern Africa."

For two hours we poked around the German embassy. Rand disappeared into half a dozen compounds and one English day school, only to reappear each time with no hint of Major Niskanen's existence. After a series of telephone calls Rand deduced that he had misinterpreted Niskanen's Swedish-accented directions: it was not the German embassy he lived near, it was the Yemen embassy, which is on the other side of town. When we arrived the house was boarded up tight. Major Niskanen had gone to a party.

Back at the hotel, our smiling driver—Why was he smiling? Taxi drivers do not smile—said, "Thank you," in perfect English and that the fare would be 30 Ethiopian dollars.

That was why he was smiling. Rand took this as a signal for protracted negotiations, at one point in which he unleashed the fact that the average annual wage of an Ethiopian is 100 Ethiopian dollars. Such a tour de force inevitably wore the driver down. We paid 20 dollars, about \$8 U.S. "I love to test my bargaining powers," said Rand. I withheld a tip.

"Well, since we can't get started tonight, we might as well see the town," said Rand, rubbing his hands together. Photographer Seed said he would rather go to bed. Rand outlined an evening in which we would check out the Haile Selassie I Theater—a Byrds American movie, *13 Fighting*

Queen of Sheba paid an overnight visit to King Solomon 3,000 years ago. The meeting, Ethiopians proudly acclaim on painted come-strip scrolls that are irresistible to tourists, produced Menelik I, first Emperor of the land.

"But what we should do first," said Peter, "is have the dish Abebe Bikila eats every day of his life, the national dish of Ethiopia, *war* and *injera*. The *war* is lamb and chicken swabbed with a thick, spiced butter sauce with boiled eggs and hot peppers. The *injera* is a farinaceous, gray, flat cake rolled up to look like an Ace bandage. You scoop up the *war* with pieces of the *injera*, as a first baseman



After workout Bikila spars playfully with his Swedish coach, Ossi Niskanen. They enjoy something about their father-son relationship.

Mex, was attracting massive indifference at the box office, a demonstration of Ethiopian good taste—and then go on to the Piazza—Haile Selassie I Star Square—and at least take a walk through The Desert, which is the Place Pigalle to 10,000 Addis strumpets "but is more a place to socialize in tiny little bars." When you go in one, he said, the lady bartender quickly changes the record on the phonograph from Ethiopian instrumentals, which sound like gall-bladder trouble, to something nostalgic, like *Tout, Tout, Tout*, *Gou'Bye*. Abebe was supposed to have spent a lot of time in The Desert when he was recuperating from an injury in 1961. And then, said Rand, we'll wind up at the Sheba, a swanky nightspot that is so popular you never get a seat and so dark inside you wouldn't know it if you did get one. There is more than casual reference to Sheba in Ethiopia. The national heritage is supposed to have dated to the time the

would pick up a low throw. It is delicious, but so hot it will turn you purple."

I said that the condition of my stomach was uncertain and that I did not want to wind up back at the hotel drinking mineral water with Photographer Seed, so it might be better to put off the war for another time.

"Good," said Peter. "I know where we can get some great lasagna."

Early the next morning Major Niskanen, taking the initiative in our tangled liaison, came to the hotel, and we drove to the home of Don Sazima, an American track coach who as a Fulbright scholar heads up the department of physical education at H.S. I University. Over rolls and coffee I said that it was already Sunday and we had not yet had even a glimpse of Abebe Bikila's footprints.

"That's not bad," said Sazima, grinning. "A Japanese

continued

coach was here for two weeks and saw him only twice."

Niskanen said it would be impossible to see Bikila before Monday, because he had gone to his farm in Jirra, 100 miles away in the country. "But I have arranged for you to meet Colonel Bekele, Abebe's commander in the Bodyguard. Everything will be cleared then, and it will be easy."

"Protocol," said Sarima comfortingly. "Everything stands or falls on protocol."

Niskanen is a handsome blond bachelor of 54, flat-stomached from past years of running cross-country and present games of tennis with lady friends. He speaks six languages, including Amharic; he is friendly and accommodating in each. He has been in Ethiopia since 1947, when he came to help organize an athletic program and stayed to become head of the national board of physical education. He is now secretary general of the local Red Cross, but in his free time coaches Bikila and some of the other Ethiopian distance runners, notably Mamo Wolde, who was fourth in the 10,000 meters in Tokyo. Abebe calls Niskanen *abba*, which means father. When they are together they spar and wrestle like cubs, and there is much hugging and backslapping. There are some supernaturalistic Ethiopians who resent Niskanen's close relationship with Abebe, but in denying that it exists they become ridiculous. (One said to me, "Ah, yes, Major Niskanen. He has a fine snake bath; that is why Abebe goes to him.")

"Before 1959 I hardly knew who this Abebe was," said Niskanen. "He ran only third in the marathon trials for the Rome Olympics and already then he was 27 years old."

"At the beginning we had much trouble. He did not hold his head properly, his arms flew all over, his balance was bad. I had to keep yelling at him. Not yell, really, because I do not yell. But sometimes he was hard to convince, like with the vitamins. I had to show him how they put the good color in Mamo Wolde's cheeks."

"But the dedication, the willpower of this man—there is none like him I have ever seen. Abebe was made by Abebe, not by me or anyone. People asked if he was surprised he won in Rome. He had never run out of the country before. They do not know Abebe. He always expects to win. He does not even know who he is racing against, Clarke, Heatley, Vandendriessche, Edeken? They are just names. Only Mamo he fears, and he defeats Mamo. He has no anxieties."

Why had Abebe run barefoot in Rome?

"It is not so strange for an Ethiopian to run barefoot. Look around. When he runs I have made a count—98 steps a minute barefoot, a step each time the right foot hits. With shoes, 96. You see? But shoes are better on a strange course because of stones and things that might cut you. His feet are not long, size 9 or 10, but in Rome we could not get the shoes that were right. He had blisters from some he had tried. So Abebe said to me, 'Never mind. I will win without shoes. We will make some history for Africa.' He is a great patriot."

Speaking of patriotism, I said, what of the reports that he was involved in the attempted coup of 1960?

Niskanen stirred his coffee quietly, betraying no discomfort. I added cream to mine. Ethiopian coffee is delicious, but it takes a quarter pint of cream to lighten it.

"Abebe was playing basketball when it began," said Niskanen. "He loves to play basketball. His officers, the leaders of the coup, told him to go home and wait for orders, and that is what he did. He went home and waited. That is the way of the Ethiopian soldier, they do exactly as they are told. That is why they are good soldiers. Many of the Bodyguard were told they were protecting the Emperor, not revolting against him. There was much confusion. Before long it was over, and the leaders were hanged in the square. Abebe was questioned, but he was not involved. He never left his home."

I said that many Americans who had seen Abebe run in the Boston Marathon in 1963 were now, in retrospect, wondering what had happened—he led until the last five miles, then finished a fading fifth.

"I was not in Boston with him," said Niskanen. "It was cold and he did not dress warmly for the race, and then he did not have his glucose. At 20 kilometers in the Olympic marathon [about halfway] I have fruit juice with glucose and rose hip waiting for him. I am not allowed to hand it to him, but he picks it up and I yell to him, '*Aduu kid!*' Now go! But in Boston he did not have the glucose. Without sugar the lactic acid builds up. Soon he and Mamo began to get cramps and they were sitting on the sidewalk massaging their legs, three, four times."

"But they finished. They are like automobiles, those two," said Sarima. "You crank them up and they go until they are out of gas. They do not know how to quit."

Abebe insists on—demands—Niskanen's counsel, even though this sometimes causes the supernaturalists outside the Bodyguard—who would rather someone else besides a *nech feringee* got credit for Abebe's development—to become jealous. It was at Niskanen's gentle insistence that Bikila laid off training for six months in 1961 to allow time for a leg injury to heal, a layoff that many did not understand, and it was at Niskanen's gentle insistence in a taut situation that Abebe went through with an appendectomy four weeks before the Tokyo Olympics. Niskanen feared the appendix would burst during the race. He had had his own appendix removed only a month before that and recovered quickly. Doctors assured him that Abebe, with his fat-free physique, would recover even quicker. Two weeks after the operation Abebe was back in training. He says now he will run in Mexico City only if Niskanen is there, just as Niskanen was in Rome and Tokyo.

Colonel Bekele, Abebe's immediate superior, whose waking hours are much taken up with Abebe's itinerary, was indeed the man to open doors and, as his guests, we were waiting inside the Imperial Bodyguard grounds the next morning when Abebe jogged in ahead of his squad of 13 men. The Bodyguard is an elite corps separate from the

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army, specifically designated as the troops immediately surrounding and responsible to Haile Selassie. Abebe has served as a guard at the palace gate, was once a truck mechanic, but now as sports instructor is concerned only with the physical training of his men and himself. Often he runs with the Bodyguard after he has run two hours in the morning. This morning he wore the kelly-green sweat suit of the Olympic team, with ETHIOPIA in capitals across the back, and he ran beside Mamo Wolde. I had remembered from seeing him in Tokyo how magnificent his face is: a solitary pecan, long and desperately sober, as if settled by an inner commitment to austerity; high cheekbones, heavy lips, an almost Roman nose, eyes that at the same time seem to see nothing and to see everything. There is great strength in his face. He could be a Bedouin caliph. Or an Arabian emir. Or the son of an American Indian chief.

He was sweating as he came up. Naturally, a man who runs will also sweat, but for a moment it was a surprise. Watching his postmarathon repertoire of exercises in Tokyo, I had imagined that he probably did not sweat, did not breathe hard, did not have a pulse.

After calisthenics, which he led, Abebe's squad stripped down to flashy red-and-green uniforms for basketball. Abebe had blue socks pulled up high around his meager calves. He gives an appearance of height, but he is no more than 5 feet 10. He weighs 127 pounds. Most Ethiopians are strong only from the waist down. Abebe's legs, even for a distance runner, are very thin, but they are his strength. Later he said he did not lift weights. "because all my energy is below my waist." He said he wore the blue socks that morning because it was cold when he started out.

The basketball that followed was played without finesse, just as an American attempt at *genoa* or *gooks* might be, but Bikila demonstrated an effective two-hand jump shot that he was not reluctant to launch. Each time he made a shot he turned to see if he was being properly appreciated.

Colonel Bekele had supplied us with two interpreters, Lieuts. Tekeste Abbay and Assefa Kebede. I asked Lieut. Assefa if Lieut. Abebe was a good officer. First names are used formally in Ethiopia and then passed on to the children as the surname. For example, Abebe Bikila's son Dawit (David) will become Dawit Abebe.

"He is a good officer, but he has not yet had his formal officer's schooling," said Lieut. Assefa. "He plans to get that soon. His promotion was like no other. It is not customary for an enlisted man to become an officer without schooling. But the Emperor personally made Mr. Abebe a first lieutenant after he won at Tokyo. It was a great occasion, a great tribute. The government also gave him a Volkswagen."

I asked about the coup, and he posed a better question for me: "Would Mr. Abebe have been so wonderfully honored if he had been a revolutionary?"

Abebe had abandoned the basketball game for the tennis court 50 feet away. We moved down to watch him. He showed an alertness for the ball and a quickness to get

into position. His backhand was strong. Once, I was told, he had been an outstanding soccer player. He came over then, and with Wolde we all went into the officers' club, where we sat beneath a huge portrait of Haile Selassie and were served coffee and Cokes and orange juice by a pretty Ethiopian waitress, Mamo, normally an effusive, outgoing man, was subdued in the plush room. His old buddy, the parvenu, is now a lieutenant, but Mamo is still only a sergeant.

As Abebe talked and conversation lightened, his reserve—that little touch of aloofness—began to wane. His smile is slow, but when it comes it is complete and rewarding, like the opening of a wide curtain. In his Amharic he is animated, and his answers, even in translation, are long and colorful. Much of his humor was lost in translation, but Lieuts. Assefa and Tekeste and Sergeant Mamo laughed often.

Abebe said his good fortune began the day he came to Addis to visit his mother 14 years ago. She had divorced his father and moved into the city from Jiru. Abebe had

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Bikila shows his Olympic medals to his 4-year-old son, Dawit. In Abebe's proud opinion Dawit looks like Cassius Clay.



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ABEBE BIKILA *continued*

never seen anything like Addis, and one day he came upon a squad of Imperial Bodyguards training for the Korean war. They were sharply uniformed; they had precision, discipline, polish. Said Abebe, "I was very much moved."

A private in 1956, a sergeant after winning in Rome in 1960 and a lieutenant last November, Abebe had jumped in four years from the equivalent of \$24 American a month to \$86. "That was a great thing," he said of the Emperor's special promotion, "greater for me than winning the Olympics." His lieutenant friends smiled approvingly. "I realize now I am a responsible man, and I am glad to have this responsibility. My old friends now salute me and call me *sa*, but they are still my friends. I now have a future for my old age."

"Mamo is going to school soon," said Lieut. Assefa. "He, too, will be a lieutenant."

I told Abebe the last time I saw him he was doing sit-ups and push-ups and drawing cheers and laughter in Tokyo National Stadium from people who could not believe their eyes.

"While I did my exercises, others were earned away in blankets," he said. "Long ago I learned the cramps and dizziness would come if I suddenly stopped after running so long. I have my normal habits that I must follow. The people cheered for the love of sports."

His training, he said, is year-round. He loves to run. There is a story, probably apocryphal but not disproved, that, in Jera, Abebe used to chase pheasant until they fell from exhaustion. Under Niskanen's instruction he follows an interval system of speed training—but instead of dash, stop, dash he runs fast, slow, fast. The object is to develop stamina and speed at the same time. Twice a week he runs for two hours—as many as 20 miles—in the early morning. I asked if he knew he gained two steps a minute running barefoot. "I only run," he said. "I do not count steps."

What of the theory that his lungs had developed an uncommon capacity because of the stress put on them by the thin air of Addis? "You may have the largest lungs in all the world," I said.

"Maybe that is true, but I do not

continued

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know. I was examined once in Rome by a doctor. He made many tests, but I do not have the results. It is true that the air here is much different. I think if we invited other runners to run in Ethiopia they would not complete 20 kilometers. It will be good for me in Mexico City because the elevation there is the same."

What of his eating habits? Dr. Warren Guild of Boston, who boarded Abebe and Wolde when they were there for the marathon in 1963, said that the two went through an \$11 rib roast in seven minutes, at a cost to Dr. Guild of \$1.30 a minute. He called them fantastic eaters, powerful gazzers of fruit juice, milk and tea. "I understood many Ethiopians exist on war and *aweya*," I said. "Can you run on only that?"

"In the morning I have *kimo* [porridge] said Abebe. "In the day I have war, but I also have fresh vegetables. Sometimes I eat raw meat, as our people do." He smiled. There is a high incidence of stomach worms in Ethiopia. "Do not tell your people to eat raw meat," he said.

"I understand you were much criticized in 1961 when you quit training for six months. You were seen in places where you had not been seen before."

Abebe seemed surprised. "I tore a ligament in my leg in Prague before a race," he said. "I ran anyway. But it did not get better. At last it was decided not to train for six months. I did not mind about the injury because I knew it would not last four years, and that is the important thing, to be ready for the Olympics. That is the only thing. The criticism I did not know about. How would the people know I had stopped training? I do not run where they see me so much. I run in the morning, before it is light. Naturally, I had more time to do things. I grew a beard. I put on much weight. I went from 55.2 kilos [120 pounds] to 61 kilos [135]." He put his hand on his stomach. "Right here. But it was not hard to remove."

"Is it true that the only man you fear is Mamo?" I glanced at Mamo, who was concentrating on his juice glass. Mamo did not look up.

"I do not fear anyone," said Abebe evenly, a man stating a fact as he knew

continued

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it. "Mamo can compete with me, but I know that I will beat Mamo. The others, I do not know even their names. People who want to know names and faces are afraid they will lose. I do not have to know the faces of those I will exceed."

Mamo was asked if he had anything to say about this. "It is right what Lieut. Abebe says. I know he will beat me. But if my leg had not been hurt in Tokyo I would have also run the marathon and made him set a better record." Niskanen believes that Abebe and Mamo will run one-two in Mexico City in 1968.

The next morning, at dawn, we assembled outside Abebe's house for his run into the foothills outside of Addis. The night chill, which always gives way to comfortable warm days in Ethiopia, had not passed, and he wore a brown jacket over his green sweat suit. "Abebe!" he cried to Niskanen. "Ley!" Niskanen answered, and threw a left hook that Abebe caught with two hands just in front of his mustache. They sparred and grappled in the semidarkness.

Abebe then ran up the stone path from his house onto the pavement of the Emmito Road. Early-morning travelers watched but made no sign of recognition. Once, days later, when we were together in his Volkswagen, a driver in another car tipped his hat and Abebe nodded, but Ethiopians usually do not fawn over or chive after their heroes in the way of Americans. They worship from afar. Kids flock to him when he visits a school, because they are less reserved, he says he does not advise them to be runners.

When he had run five minutes Abebe began to lengthen his stride and Niskanen changed gears to stay ahead. Abebe seemed to get stronger by the mile, and though he wore shoes the pounding of his feet was inaudible, as if he were not touching the ground. "Is it not beautiful the way he runs?" asked Niskanen. We were in the hills now, with the sweet smell of eucalyptus grown heavier and the strikingly vivid browns and greens and yellows of the Ethiopian countryside, the round farmhouses and the flat-topped trees you associate with the Afri-

can landscape. Shepherds, entire families surrounding their flocks, watched statically as Abebe went by. Eventually we turned back, Abebe ran on alone.

On another day we were invited to Abebe's house for lunch. Niskanen said it was a first for foreign journalists, "a sign he is pleased with you." Abebe's house was also made of mud, packed hard as grout under the corrugated iron roof, but inside there were three rooms comfortably furnished and a television set that has become as important a diversion for Abebe as his scrapbook. Present programming in Addis runs to *Huckleberry Hound*, *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour* and *The Beverly Hillsbillies* without subtitles. It is not true, as the Associated Press recently suggested, that Abebe "lives like a king," but by Ethiopian standards he does not want. "Lieut. Abebe is building a new house, a much better one," said Lieut. Assefa.

Abebe brought out his son, Dawit, who is 4. "Does he not look like Cassius Clay?" asked Abebe. His wife, Abebe explained, had taken their daughter, Tesge (Rose), 1½, to the country for a visit and would not be back for a week. He showed us a picture of a very pretty oval-faced woman in a white *chawma*. "We were married when I was 26," Abebe said. "In Ethiopia it is tradition that the mother chooses for you. It is now six years later, and I am still pleased."

There were more trophies and pictures—one of him in his beard—and many things to show, but where were his Olympic gold medals? "If you really want to see them I will show you," said Abebe. He went out of the room, as if to a secret place, and came back with the two gold medals. The ribbons they were tied to were soiled from much handling.

We retired to a small dining room with a single open window. The table was neatly set, with cloth napkins and Western tableware. "But when you eat if you do not use a fork," said Lieut. Assefa. It is customary in Ethiopia to have servants. Abebe has three. Don Sazima's servants have servants. But Abebe waited on himself—attentive, eager, quick to fill the smallest vacancy in a plate. The waiter, he said, was made by his mother. It was the color and consistency of his



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ABEBE BIKILA *continued*

becued beef, quite tasty and at least as hot as Peter Rand had predicted. Trying to pick up the *war* with the *awera* without soiling your fingers is a social pressure that could crush a confident man, but I accepted a second helping anyway. Photographer Seed said he had already had lunch, thank you, and passed after the first. There was a quick run of Amharic chatter, and then laughter. "I eat, Abebe said you are like the people of Gondar," said Assefa. "They do not eat, and they say they have already eaten."

Halfway through the meal the cat under my side of the table was joined by another and there was a short encounter, but Abebe quickly broke it up. He did not eat except for a small plate of vegetables. It was his day to fast, he said. As a Coptic Christian he will fast as many as 175 days a year.

That night the *war* and *awera* tumbled about in my alien stomach, as though in a death struggle, but it was my gluttony at work as much as it was the hot pepper. *Toujours perdus*. The next day I checked out of the Ethiopia Hotel, recklessly overtopping the maid who had kept my shoes so well shined and the bellboy who had tended my bugs and laundry and, not even bothering to establish a fare, took a taxi to the airport. On the ride I was pestered by a sense of satisfaction I did not appreciate until I remembered something Dr. Guild of Boston had said. While they were in Boston, Abebe and Mamo simply grew on his children. After a few weeks, Dr. Guild said, the children would not go to bed without getting a good-night kiss, and when Abebe and Mamo went back to Ethiopia they cried.

The taxi driver helped me with my bags and invited me to please come to Addis Ababa again. I tipped him. I passed through customs without a hitch, hand-carrying my Gulla war shield and my parchment of Sheba's visit to Solomon, and soon settled in my seat on the Ethiopian Airlines jet. I accepted with thanks as the stewardess offered me a mint and some gum for the ascent out of Addis. She smiled sweetly as I opened up a copy of *Piero-Munch* and turned to the inside page where I had secreted a copy of *True*.

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Give yourself two weeks. Okay now, you (and your five friends) loaf around St. Thomas for a few days. Swim, sun, drink cold things made with Virgin Islands rum (a fifth goes for maybe \$1.50). Or go ashore for minor diversions. Like draping yourself on a Mediterranean-looking terrace above the harbor for a lavish dinner and a stunning view of your yacht.

In a day or so give your captain the orders to sail. And head east for openers.

The first you'll see of St. John is a tall spine of

mountains. As you sail in you'll see the island is scalloped with coves, inlets and beaches. Wade ashore for a picnic (take rum).

Then after a day or so exploring, put up the canvas and head southwest. Bear in mind that many a galleon preceded you in these waters. It's time to hit the high spots again. Your next port of call—St. Croix. Romp through Christiansted and Frederiksted. Snorkle around. Invite friends aboard.

Heard enough? The day dream is over, but if you fly Caribair from San Juan you can be standing on the dock picking out your yacht thirty minutes later. Ask a travel agent—he'll tell you the same thing, or write to the U.S. Virgin Islands Government Information Center, 16 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Character Comedy in the Backstretch

Goofy Gamble, Old Tom and other racetrack eccentrics flourish in a closed and unpredictable society

by BILL BRYAN

Alot they care around a racetrack if, in the outside world, principalities totter or nuclear holocaust threatens. The grooms, exercise boys and others who inhabit the backstretch hardly know an outside world exists; they are monkishly devoted to their own chicken-today-and-feathers-tomorrow milieu.

A case in point is Goofy Gamble, an exercise boy I once knew on the New England racing circuit. Goofy's nickname was a tribute to the fact that he would ride anything with hair on it. It was generally felt that his willingness to do this passed all reasonable bounds. It got him a lot of work, though.

We were all at Rockingham Park when a trainer came up from the South with a string that included a horse whose reputation had preceded him. This horse had a record for dismembering lead ponies and crippling exercise boys, so Goofy Gamble was sent for. Goofy was grandly casual about the whole thing and agreed to report in the morning to gallop the outlaw.

At the appointed hour the rail was lined with trainers, exercise boys and stable hands who were out to watch the blood flow. It was a raw, rain-washed New Hampshire morning, with the track more of a marsh than a speedway. The trainer of the carnivorous horse led him down to the gap along the backstretch, Goofy strolling unconcernedly along. Then Goofy was hauled aboard.

"Just gallop him once around easy at about a two-minute lick," the trainer said, and he might well have added, "May God have mercy on your soul."

Goofy turned the horse and jogged away toward the far turn. Without a sign of trouble he broke him off in a long, smooth gallop, splashing his way down the center of the track, where the going

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The Backstretch continued

presumably was best. The onlookers watched in disbelief as the horse lengthened his stride and swept gracefully out of the turn and into the homestretch, well behaved as he be.

The pair was galloping past the grandstand when the horse veered sharply toward the inside railing. So violent was the motion that Goofy lurched far out of the saddle. Three strides later his mount left the ground with the zest and form of a steeplechaser. Goofy's head snapped back, popping like the lash of a coachman's whip, but he was still in the saddle when they landed.

Across the infield of the track the horse flew, now his evil self again and enjoying every minute of it. Goofy stood straight in the stirrups and sawed at the horse's mouth. This made him run faster. The inside rail along the backstretch loomed ahead. Goofy sat down and clutched a double handful of mane. Standing well off from the rail, the horse jumped again in one of his incredible arcs, landing well out in the middle of the track. When his feet hit the mud he slid across the greasy track as though on skates, then crashed into the outside fence. The impact bounced horse and rider back 10 feet—and there they stood for a moment.

Then Goofy calmly wheeled the horse and jogged him quietly down the backstretch toward the gap, where the bug-eyed trainer was folded helplessly over the rail. Goofy pulled the horse up and slid to the ground. He was loosening the girth when the trainer somehow managed to haul himself upright and croak, "How did he go?"

Goofy glanced at him over his shoulder, idly.

"Not too bad," he said. "Only you gotta watch him—he lugs in a little."

That is what I call real racetrack detachment, the kind that puts the outside world in its place. You see it manifested in many ways. Take geography, for instance. The usual kind of map is useless around a racetrack because its reference points are state capitals or populous cities unrecognized along the backstretch.

One warm sunny morning at Sunshine Park in Florida, I was leaning lazily against my car, which was parked near a barn on the backstretch. Under the shed a tall Negro hot-walker was slowly cooling out a horse. Each time they came past me, the groom's eyes would stray to my license plate, and he would read aloud, "Vermont."

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Finally on one trip around he gave a small tug on the halter shank, stopped the horse and spoke directly to me.

"Just whereabouts is this here Vermont?" he inquired.

We stared at each other blankly for a moment. I was not at all sure I could explain where Vermont was.

"Were you ever at Rockingham?" I asked.

"Yeah, I worked there for Mr. Don McCoy one time," he said.

"Were you ever at Saratoga?" I continued.

"Was there lots of times when I worked for Dixiana," he told me.

"Well, Vermont's sort of in between the two of them," I said.

"Man, I know exactly where you mean," he said triumphantly, starting the horse up again and turning the corner once more.

Still and all, I guess if I had to cast a ballot for the racetracker who most perfectly exemplifies the backstretch penchant for keeping everything in perspective, I would have to vote for Old Tom.

He was a wisp of a man, about 70 years old, with snow-white hair and a waspish disposition. He was retired and lived on his social security in a small hungalow outside Coral Gables, Fla. But every year he came out of retirement for the Tropical Park meeting and went to work as a groom for his old employer, Cy Butler. I worked for Cy one winter and made Old Tom's acquaintance. He was hardly a sociable soul as he tottered about his duties in the shed row, and the rest of us gave him a reasonably wide berth. One day, apropos of nothing in particular, Cy mentioned to me that Old Tom had been present at the San Francisco earthquake in 1906. This intrigued me, since I had never talked with anyone who was an eyewitness to this particular bit of Americana. I resolved to ask Old Tom about it when his mood was right.

My chance came not long afterward. Old Tom and I were alone under the shed one afternoon, the rest of the help having gone over to the grandstand to do a little betting or a little touting, depending on their finances. He seemed in fairly good spirits (for him), so I asked him if he had been around for the San Francisco debacle.

"Yep, seen 'er with my own eyes," he said. He hunched the bucket on which he was sitting forward. "I was working at the track outside of town for Old Man

continued



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The Backstretch

Smuthers. I recall we were runnin' a best-nut filly that day, a little washy thing that we hadn't done no good with all year. But the old man figured he had her ready now, and we were all going to bet our money. I was rubbing the filly, and we didn't send her to the track—just walked her under the shed for an hour or so first thing in the morning.

"Old Man Smuthers came along and asked me, 'How 's she look to you, Tom?' Always put a lot of stock in what I told him, the old man did. Told him she looked O.K. to me, and he says 'We'll all get well today if this cloth-headed boy I got ridin' her does like I tell him.'"

Old Tom paused to spit, and I realized that we might be quite awhile getting to the earthquake, since he was obviously blessed or cursed with total recall. He wasn't much for pauses either, so I had no chance for polite interruption.

Well, Tom went through the morning routine around Old Man Smuthers' barn in stupefying detail then covered what he had for lunch that day and marched vocally and unstopably into the afternoon. The heat and his reedy voice were getting to me as he spoke of taking the filly to the paddock, of what the old man said to the cloth-headed boy and what that young snot said back. By the time Tom had made a bet and had the filly at the post I was ready to fall off the bucket or scream. I wasn't sure which. Nor did Tom slight the running of the race. He recalled all the bad racing luck the filly had, the incredible blunders by the jockey who apparently topped his almost criminal performance by dropping his whip at the eighth pole shortly after he took the lead. Now Tom's voice rose in excited rage.

"He just sat there like the mucktick he was while a big common bay horse, runnin' all by himself out in the middle of the track, come on and nipped the filly right at the wire."

Old Tom stared angrily at me, holding his hands out about four inches apart to indicate the extent of the dirty nose by which the filly was beaten. Suddenly he dropped his hands and ended his half-hour narrative.

"Well, sir," he said, "that night the earthquake come and knocked the hull darn town flat."

I still don't know much about the San Francisco earthquake, but I should have known better than to ask a racecracker. It's easier to look in a book.

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—Surprising **PHILADELPHIA** and **BIRMINGHAM** both made the second round of the NBA playoffs by winning three games and losing only one in the opening rounds. The 76ers took the third game of the best-of-five series when Wilt Chamberlain scored 41 points, blocked 11 shots and had 24 rebounds in a 112-112 win over Cincinnati. The Bullets led by Kevin O'Leary's 31 points, defeated St. Louis 101-100 in the opening game of the Western series. LOP AMERICA's first loss came when Elmer Hatcher for the rest of the playoffs when he tore his left knee cap in the opening minutes of the first game of the Western Division final. But Jerry West scored 49 points and the Lakers beat the Bullets 112-119. **BOSTON** jumped to a 3-0 lead in the Eastern final by easily defeating Philadelphia 108-98, despite Wilt Chamberlain's game-high 33 points. In their third final under his leadership, the Celtics beat Russell's outmatched Bulls 12-16.

BOWLING—Left-hander **BILLY AULEN** from Oklahoma won the PBA \$35,000 Insurance City tournament by defeating Nelson Burton Jr. of St. Louis 216-177 in the final match. A week earlier Aulen beat Burton in the final to take the Buffalo Open.

BOWLING—In a career final bout, double leader at New York's Madison Square Garden, **EMILIO GRUBBIE** retained his 10th straight title with a 15-round unanimous decision over lefty Sea-ward. **EDDIE TORRE** became the new light-weight champion when Willie Portiere was sent down out to come out for the 16th round.

GOLF **SAM NELSON**, who will be 31 next month, won the Greater Greensboro Open for the eighth time and thus became the oldest player to win a major PGA tournament. Nelson's rounds of 66, 66, 68 and 68 over the 72-hole and, at 71, Seigfried Jr. of Cleveland gave him a 75-hole total of 271. Closely up to him, **Ben Custer**, Phil Rodgers and Jack McGowan, all tied for second.

GYMNASTICS—The NCAA championships at Cambridge, Md. was won by favored **PENNSYLVANIA**, with 669 points to runner-up University of Washington. Penn State's only individual winner was **MIKE JACOBSON**, who tied for first in the horizontal bar with **RM CURRIE** of Michigan. Penn State also took the parallel bars, but only after double winner was **DAN KUSHNITZ** of Southern Illinois who had first in free exercise and second in the vault. Long-horn coach **Paulson** gave the allowed individual title.

HOCKEY—Second-place **MONTRÉAL** took a two-game lead over fourth-place Toronto in its best-of-seven semifinal series at the Stanley Cup playoffs. Bobby Rousseau scored the winning goal in 12:29 of the third period as the Canadiens defeated the Maple Leafs 3-2 and in the second game Claude Provost and Jean Beliveau scored on power plays to lead Montreal to a 3-1 victory. In the playoff between the first- and third-place teams, **DENVER**, the regulation champion, defeated Chicago 4-3, on Norm Ullman's goal with less than two minutes to play, and 4-3.

The American Hockey League's regular season ended with **INDIANAPOLIS** taking its first place in the East and **ROCKFORD** taking its first place in the West. Center **ART VERRATO** of the Chicago Hawks was the top scorer with 77 points on 25 goals and 52 assists (most in the league) and **GARRY CHIEFFO** of Rochester was the league's top goalie.

HORSE RACING—Making his belated debut as a 3-year-old, **BOLD FAD** (52-90, 1964), presently racing with a winning record of 4 against 13 in three lengths (pp. 32).

NATL CHARGER (36-60) became the biggest money-winning 3-year-old in Florida when he edged the \$119,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park to his victory in the \$141,000 Flamingo Stakes, a month earlier. Owned by John Ritz, Native Charger's driver had to add by a neck while Calumet had won third.

MOTOR SPORTS—The 191-mile Grand Prix of Syracuse (pp. 31) an important warship lost the major grand prix title races last in the season, was won by the **CLARK** of Scotland, driving a Lotus 49, in 1:28:47. Second place went to last year's world champion, John Surtees.

POCKET BILLIARDS—The world's championship, held at New York's Hotel Commodore, was won by **JOE BALDWIN** of New York, who had won the world title 12-7 in the final 1964 championship. Luther Lee lost 10-7 in the defeated champion.

BOWLING—Former Yale swimmer—**Ed Tripp**, 30, 30, Duncan Spencer, Harry Howell Jr., helped ONTARIO to a four-length victory over Cambridge in the 11th event of the five-day, 1000-mile race on the Thames through west London. The winning time of 14 minutes 7 seconds was the fastest since 1968 when Cambridge set the course record in 13:50.

SKIING—Competitors from France, Austria, Italy and Switzerland raced with Americans and Canadians in the national Alpine ski championships held at Cervinia, Italy, where the U.S. team was the only one to take a U.S. title. **NANCY GREENE** of Rossland, B.C. won the women's national title by coming fourth. **CHIRRELL** of France was the winner in the downhill, and first in both the slalom and giant slalom in a fall second slalom. **Marlene Lech** of the U.S. was the winner in the slalom, and first in the slalom, but the U.S. team won the 1000m. **WERNER** of Western State College of Colorado won the men's slalom, while **RON HUBBARD** of Canada won national honors with **Leahy** **BECK** **MARSH** of Aspen, Colo. finished third in the giant slalom for the title, but **JEAN-LOUIS KILLY** of France won the race, the longest course ever set for the championship.

SWIMMING—**STEVE CLARK**, a Yale senior who won the gold medal at Tokyo, repeated his victory in the 100-yard freestyle at the National AAU championships at Yale this year—45.6 sec. in the fastest under 46 seconds, but was edged out by an American mark set by **JOHN L. BLOK** of Yale in the 200 yard freestyle (1:41.7). **THOMPSON** swam at the North Carolina State, Clark took the 100-yard backstroke (1:21.3). **JOE SAKARI** of USC, the second best diver, took 1:36.21 and **GRUE** **BUCKINGHAM** of Michigan, Clark in the 400-yard individual medley (4:49.9). **KAC** took 10:00 in the 1500 in the NCAA championships a week earlier, with 74 points to runner-up North Carolina AC, 47.

TEENIS—Top-seeded **MANUJI SANTANA** of Spain beat of Ramanathan Krishnan of India in the men's singles of the Mexico City international tournament 6-1, 6-3, 4-6, 9-7. **MARGARET SMITH** of Australia defeated Pamela Saffron of France 6-4, 6-4 for the women's title.

TRACK & FIELD—**BILLY MILLS** of the Marine, from Grandview in Portland, Ore., led the U.S. track-and-field team to 100% victory over Great Britain in a dual meet at Weimbley Stadium, London. **Robt Nelson** lost in the broad jump, but he did in the 1984 Olympics, to Britain's **LYNN BAYLES**, who jumped 25 feet 9 1/2 inches to set a new jumping record. The U.S. team won eight of 11 events and the U.S. women five of seven.

Texas AAU sophomore **RANDY MATSON** was the outstanding performer of the Texas Relays in Austin. In addition to his winning 44.4 sec. 100 feet hurdles, his shot put at 67 feet 10 inches in a Relays record and was first over 100 yards of Dallas Long's world mark. With **Roy Sullivan** setting a 47.4 sec. **TEXAS SOUTHERN** took the college division relay in a sparkling 3:07. **JOHN CARMEN** of Austin State finished runner-up in his fourth Texas Relays mile in a time 4:06.4.

53C test is second dual meet since 1945, to the UNIVERSITY OF NEW MICHIGAN-Albuquerque 104 to 40. The Tigers were last defeated by Oregon in 1962.

Running the first quarter in Mexico, **JOHN EVELYN** of Wichita's East High set a new U.S. record, 4:06.4, in an 800-meter race in Wichita, Kan. He had led the old mark for one week last year before Gentry Gunkle of Spokane broke it with a 4:06 run.

MUSKETRY—**SHEDULED** For the third time in one year, **RANDY ROBERT** AC the double-barrel hand, by an author's credit on his last album.

FRED FORREST (Fordy) **ANDERSON**, Michigan State's best basketball coach for 11 seasons (12-124), after a 1-13 Big Ten record this year.

REIGNED After four seasons that he has best basketball coach at Holy Cross, **FRANK GILF**, KING, is to end his brokerage business.

RETIRED From amateur competition at the age of 18, **EDNA DEL VAL** of Santa Clara, Calif., member of the U.S. Olympic team, took silver in 1960 at the age of 23 and a double gold medal winner in the Tokyo Olympics in 1964. She plays in tennis at USC in September, but in the past season is doing well in tennis in the summer.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



DAVE PADGETT of Panathion School became the first prep swimmer in Hawaii to break 50 seconds in the 100-yard freestyle with a 49.5 clocking at the Hawaii AAU indoor championships. The time, a second below the old mark, placed him second nationally.



JACQUELINE LYLE, 18, was her fifth solo title at the Iowa synchronized swimming championships in Des Moines. In national competition she made the AAU final twice and will try again this month. Also a good golfer, she plans a P.E. major at Drake.



JOHN PARKS, Sr., Mark's (Southborough, Mass.) senior, finished his four-year prep wrestling career with 41-3-2 record. In addition, he surpassed the team two years, won nine varsity titles and was elected to the International Dual Meet Academic achievement.



LYNN GRAHAM, 17, a student at John Muir High in Pasadena, Calif., who has an American record of 51 feet 5 inches pending in the women's shotput, won her event at an international dual meet at Weimbley Stadium, London, with a toss of 49 feet 7 inches.



RICHE JORDAN, 5-foot-7 guard from Pomona, Mich., ended his spectacular high school basketball career with a 60-point game in Michigan's Class C tournament. His regular season point total—888 in 20 games for 44.4 average win-avg record.



BILL HURD, a student at Los Angeles City College and a member of the U.S. cycling team at the Tokyo Olympics, set a U.S. 25-mile time trial record of 58 minutes 5 seconds over a 12 1/2-mile course in Riverside, Calif. Hurd has been racing only three years.



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OINTMENT

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

ON THE BOTS

Sirs:

Congratulations on being the first major magazine to raise the game of dominoes to its rightful position in the world of sport (*More Fun than the Water*, March 29). It is plain that, with a working knowledge of dominoes, backgammon, chess, bridge and poker, a man can get by in any port.

I agree with the officials of the San Francisco tournament that Carnegie, Okla., players have no right to claim the world championship, for they do not play the true game of five-up. But I object as well to the claim of San Francisco's winners to the title of world champions.

We here in Barneveld, N.Y., have had a World Championship Domino Tournament for the last four summers. We claim that title today. However, since this is no time for the free world or the U.S. to be bickering within its own boundaries, we make this formal offer to San Francisco: to downgrade ourselves to the title of domino champions of the East Coast, if they will agree to claim only the West Coast championship.

If San Francisco is unwilling to meet us halfway, we will bide our time and (when my partner finishes college) go out there and take their collective shirts—the ones with the ruffles and the domino decorations. After all, I have taken, and been taken by, some of the best in the Pou and the Bohemian Clubs, during the last 30 years.

WILLIAM C. WHITE

Barneveld, N.Y.

Sirs:

In mentioning our esteemed gentlemen's club, Robert Cantwell referred to it as "something called the Bombay Bicycle Riding Club." May I, as its president, assure you that this is not a whimsical organization but rather a meeting place of the world's greatest domino players. The Bombay Bicycle Riding Club, which consists of 175 men (no women allowed) has its quarters on the peninsula some 18 miles south of San Francisco. It is available to members at all hours and frequented particularly for men's luncheons and in the late afternoon hours. We include in our membership many domino champions, among them two former world champions, as well as the present champion of the Peninsula Golf & Country Club, whom modesty forbids my naming.

We invite Mr. Cantwell to be our guest any day for luncheon.

T. C. MORONY

Burlingame, Calif.

Sirs:

Admittedly, the San Francisco Tournament was pretty racy. However, for Mr. Cantwell to call the winners world domino champions is somewhat like proclaiming the Mets to be world baseball champions after an intramural game.

JOE SUMMERS

Wichita Falls, Texas

Sirs:

With my Texas background, naturally I found the Cantwell article on dominoes quite interesting.

Perhaps Mr. Cantwell and some of the losers in the Frisco tourneys might be interested to know that some years ago an engineer friend of mine, the late R. I. Caughey, set out to determine whether or not there really was any skill involved in the game.

On a rainy vacation Mr. Caughey played 500 games of dominoes (muggins variety) with his 10-year-old daughter. The little girl could match up the dominoes (i.e. play a 1 on a 1, a 2 on a 2, etc.) but didn't know whether her plays made a count (i.e. a multiple of five). Her father, who, as is the case with most players, considered himself "one of the best players in the world," swore that the results of this 500-game marathon were 251 games won by the daughter and 249 won by Caughey.

It's hard for me, probably the best domino player in St. Louis, to accept the authenticity of the Caughey research—but there it is.

J. R. PETERSON

St. Louis

Sirs:

Six pages of dominoes! You've got to be kidding.

DONN JOURDAN

Windsor, Conn.

HOCKEY: OLD AND NEW

Sirs:

Mark Kram's story on the Red Wings (*Detroit Free Press*, March 29) gives the impression that Detroit's "old men" have carried the club all by themselves. True enough, the Red Wing elder statesmen have played wonderfully well. But younger players like Ron Murphy and Bruce MacGregor have scored 20 or more goals this year.

Anyone who follows hockey will tell you that there are two other factors in the Red Wing success story. The coming of age of youngsters like forwards Floyd Smith, Pat Martin, Paul Henderson, Eddie Joyal and Larry Jeffrey is one reason why Sid Abel has

been able to use four lines, Detroit's defense-men are not all veterans either. Young Doug Barkley is as rugged and effective a defenseman as you'll find. The other factor has to be the genius of Coach Sid Abel, who took a big chance in going with the 23-year-old Roger Crozier and allowing veteran Terry Sawchuk to be drafted by Toronto.

JAMES PEARD

Farmington, Mich.

Sirs:

Your article and subsequent remarks from your readers on the subject of the N.Y. Rangers were well worth reading. But I don't think they were talking about the same team or even the same game that I knew in the '20s and early '30s.

You talk about fans pro and con with the Rangers. Do you recall the famous line of Bill and Bun Cook and their canny center, Frankie Brucher? Remember the old "Chuk," Ching Johnson? And what about Lorne Chabot and Lester Patrick, who donned the pads in the Stanley Cup playoffs against the Montreal Maroons when Chabot suffered a severe eye injury?

In those days Ranger fans were fanatics. An opposing team never had a chance. The crowd would boo such greats as the Montreal Canadiens' immortal Howie Morenz and the Maroons' famous "S" line, Hooley Smith, Nels Stewart and Babe Siebert. Boston's Eddie Shore (one of the greatest defense-men in the game) was no better than the "devil" to the partisan New York fans. Yes, in those days hockey was real hockey. A good body check would catapult a player five rows up in the stands. They didn't have the blue lines. Whistles were mostly for an attractive girl walking down the aisle. Injuries were so numerous the doctors or trainers wouldn't hardly bother, unless a player's leg was practically severed. Sure the game was rough, but it was a spectator's sport, the players played for keeps. The average salary for the average player was approximately \$3,550 per season. Players didn't fly from city to city. They rode the rails, and the beds were rough. Yet the Ranger fans were the loudest and the most loyal of all the teams. And, yes, you are so right: they did have winners.

BUD TENNEY

Naples, Fla.

FOUL PLAY

Sirs:

In response to your editorial concerning "the flaw in basketball" (SCORING, March 29), I find that there is also a flaw in your reasoning. While telling us what a star Bill Bradley of Princeton is, you also state that the danger of the fifth personal foul "sometimes makes him so cautious that he commits the very foul he is trying to avoid."

Now I am not denying that Bill Bradley is one of the finest basketball players, if not the finest, since Oscar Robertson, for I have

seen him play several times and was quite impressed, to say the least. I was also dismayed to see him foul out of more than one of these games. But it is not the fault of basketball that Bradley and other "stars" are lost to fouls. It is the fault of the players themselves. If they are unable to avoid foul trouble to the point that they are either benched or forced to play at less than full efficiency, then they do not really deserve the title of star. The true stars are the Robertsons, the Jerry Lucases and the Bill Russell, who are able to perform to their utmost through the whole game without being bothered by foul trouble.

Of course, I would like to see men like Bradley stay in the whole game—they put on a very good show. However, changing the rules to help deficient players is not the answer.

DON JACOBS

New Brunswick, N.J.

Sirs:

The fifth-foul rule is as fundamental to basketball as the double dribble or walk. Sure, Princeton would have won the Holiday Festival semifinal against Michigan had not Bill Bradley fouled out. But if Bradley had been properly used and rested by his coach, or if he had budgeted his fouls, Princeton might still have won.

Let's leave a little strategy in a game dominated by brawn.

ROBERT LISTFIELD

Highland Park, N.J.

Sirs:

"The strongest penalty that exists in any other sport is the penalty box, and even that does not eliminate a player permanently . . ." I disagree. There is one sporting penalty stiffer than the penalty box, and that is the "permanent elimination" of a trackman for two false starts in a sprint.

ROBERT REARDON

Waltham, Mass.

Sirs:

A correction, if you please—I don't know about all sports but you don't either, because without racing definitely has a "stronger" penalty. In any infraction of the rules the whole boat is fouled out—not just one of the crew. And, in some cases, the foul isn't even involved with a competitor. However, national publicity is a big help and you are to be congratulated in championing these cases, where outdated and outmoded rules are nonsensical.

Incidentally, the history of the "total" penalty in sailing is wrapped up in the problem of large yachts, where collisions would be damaging to life and property. Most racing now is in small boats, at such close quarters that it often is pretty hard to say who was wrong.

R. O. GILBERT

Seattle

continued



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19TH HOLE

JAI-HANDED Sirs:

It was with particular interest that we read Jack Olsen's presentation of the sport of jai alai (*Fires at the Fronton*, March 29). We were distressed, however, when he spoke slightly of stickball, comparing the "stickball king of The Bronx" with the "downhill skiing champ of western Kansas."

The New York metropolitan area, Stickball Capital of the World, has alone more stickball players than the rest of the world has jai alai players and fans put together. We are certain that many major league ball-players can remember back to the day when they were playing with a length of broomstick and knocking them over Mrs. Murano's wash line.

Being stickball champion, especially of The Bronx, is a position of honor, and we of the stickball fraternity will not stand for being slighted by Mr. Olsen or anyone else. We hope that in the future our sport is given the recognition it justly deserves.

Bill HERNIMED
Jim REINKA

Glen Head, N.Y.

PRESS CORPS

Sirs:

In regard to Frank Deford's fine story on Hall of Famer Johnny Wooden and UCLA (*Power of the Press*, March 29), I would like to add a few comments that are not to be construed as any reflection upon our excellent national champions in any way.

This may surprise many, but another Hall of Famer, Frank Keane of the University of Rhode Island, was years ahead of Wooden and fellow coaches. Back in the early '30s, Keane used the press from the opening whistle right to the very end of the game—regardless of what the score was. And when any of his Rams forced the opponent into making a mistake, which was often, it led to their famous fast break, which also included court-length passes.

Many of the spectators, unaccustomed to this unorthodox style of play, mistook that it wasn't basketball, but they still came out whenever Rhode Island next appeared in their area. Rival coaches mistook that Keane's players would die of heart attacks. Numerous mentors and fans likewise declared that Rhode Island had no defense whatsoever, but, strange to say, they packed more defense than the orthodox clubs that merely lobbed the ball back and forth while waiting for an opening.

Now that Keane's press and high scoring style of play is generally used throughout the country, it's surprising to learn how many coaches "invented" that type of game. At my latest count the number was 34.

Bill MERRAY
Promotion Director, Boston Celtics
Boston

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

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